

situation in capitalist countries with that in socialist countries. It is clear that recent Soviet films are no more political than the work of Preminger in America or Elio Petri in Italy, and Godard's sweeping condemnation of Mosfilm along with Hollywood and Cinecittà is in no sense a vulgar Trotskyite "slander" on the revolution betrayed. But the fact that Russian films nowadays are ideological in the same sense as their American counterparts should not mislead us into thinking that there is a simple identity at all times and places between political cinema and cinema of opposition.

The Soviet cinema of the 1920s and early 1930s, for example, with Vertov, Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Kozintsev and Trauberg and the early Dovzhenko, was a political cinema which expressed the same standpoint as the holders of revolutionary political power. But it was emphatically not a reflection of this standpoint, which had in any case not yet achieved the status of a dominant ideology. It was political in this sense that it developed a language in which political antagonisms could be expressed directly, without psychological or ideological mediations. It was a weapon in a cultural revolution whose outcome was still uncertain. The cinema fought alongside the Party, but to a large extent autonomously from it. It was only when the cultural revolution was abandoned in favour of the organization of a totalitarian consensus (the "State of the whole people"), that the cinema ceased to be political and became a passive ideological support of an increasingly restrictive status quo.

Whether the cinema is in alliance with or in opposition to the forces of the state is undoubtedly a question of the greatest importance in determining its character. But there are certain basic stylistic options which are at first sight independent of the position of the film-maker vis-à-vis the power structure. For example, revolutionary political cinema, wherever it is produced, has rarely been naturalistic. It is significant that socialist realism became the official doctrine in the Soviet Union at the very moment when the cinema ceased to be an autonomous arm of the cultural struggle and that the subsequent Chinese adoption of socialist realism has not involved any acceptance of what they call the "reactionary Stanislavsky system" of psychological naturalism. But the same rejection of naturalism is to be found increasingly often



A pastoral view of Lenin in Dziga Vertov's *Three Songs of Lenin* (1934). The illustrations are from *Politics and Film*.

among revolutionary film-makers in the West. The path which has led to this option is different, but the fundamental principle is the same: the dramatization of psychological conflicts and the packaging of the drama for instant consumption does not provide the spectator with ready-made truth. On the contrary, the spectator has to be shocked into a process of questioning and recognition. Not just, "is this truth or is it not?" but, "are these or are they not ideas that I can make my own?"

The recent affirmation of a non-naturalistic aesthetic does not imply any continuity with the experiments of the 1920s and 1930s. Indeed, for thirty years, from the mid-1930s to the mid-1960s, the cinema has been dominated by varieties of realist and naturalistic aesthetics and the rediscovery of alternative ways

of seeing and presenting the world has taken place against that background. Many small-scale attempts at using the cinema politically have begun with techniques that are an extension of those pioneered by Zavakini and the Italian neo-realists after the war. The neo-realist hope was that by simply training the camera on the world the film-maker could force the world to yield up its essence. But what if the world has no essence, or if the essence of political relationships is concealed from view? In the 1950s and early 1960s, only one film-maker—the French documentarist Chris Marker—was seriously asking himself that question. Now it is being asked, and tentatively answered, with or without the aid of structuralist disquisitions on *le discours filmique*, by film-makers and film-making collectives all over North

America and Western Europe.

These developments are very recent. They have the most diverse historical origins, but they have one common denominator: their association with the revival of revolutionary left politics that has taken place in different parts of the world since the mid-1960s. It is unfortunate that Folke Isaksson and Leif Furhammar's recently translated book *Politics and Film* was written before these developments had fully emerged into the light of day. It was first published in Sweden in 1968, and although it has been brought up to date by the addition of new material its basic perspective remains one which might have been legitimate at the time the book was written, but can no longer be allowed to pass unquestioned. This is not to deny the authors a right to their position, which is a respectable

liberal one, but rather to point out that the ideas that they put forward are considerably less self-evident than they appeared even four years ago.

Basically, the authors' subject is not so much politics as ideology and on that level they have much to say about the way in which certain political concepts got written into films that present themselves as in some way ideologically neutral. But through the book runs the persistent theme that neutrality is possible, that the world can be shown "as it is" and that ideology consists of a distortion of the natural reality accessible to the camera and to the mind of the film-maker and spectator. This widespread assumption but it is which is being increasingly challenged in theory and in practice just by a lunatic fringe but by major figures of the avant-garde from Cuba to West Germany is not only the work of the avant-garde itself which requires to be taken into consideration, but also areas of the history of the cinema whose significance has been systematically obscured and is once again becoming clear.

The main change that has occurred in the cinema in the past few years (roughly since May 1968) is that the cinema has become a way of life. It has taken on a new obligation, to see the world in terms of revolution. This does not mean that all left-wing film-makers have to be seen as potentially revolutionary, because it is not; but it means that it has to be seen in light of different possibilities. Its frontiers have been drawn, and have to be respected. There will always be critical irreducibles who refuse to accord theoretical recognition to changes which have taken place before their eyes, but the changes have happened, whether one approves them or not.

Of course, it is possible to go without recognizing any frontiers at all, just as one can chart the course of a river without naming the banks. It is through which it passes. This is the attitude taken by Alan Rosenthal in *The New Documentary*. It is hard to tell whether, behind the academic mask, Mr Rosenthal is a supporter of the crusading radicalism or merely of crusading journalism independent of political standpoint, and in a way it does not matter. The book consists almost entirely of views with documentaryists and for the cinema or television. The questions asked are intelligent and

point, and the answers reveal a thorough understanding of the function of a constitutional monarchy within a democratic political system. Mr Rosenthal's inclusion of *Royal Family* in his list is in fact a salutary reminder to optimistic leftists that, though they may dominate areas of cinema culture, they do not dominate the cinema itself. *Royal Family* is not only a perfectly good example of documentary form: it is also one of the few television documentaries which comply with the democratic demand that they should not be open to censorship by anyone other than

the people who are the subject of the film. This privilege was not enjoyed by the subjects of *Berkeley Rebels*, nor even by Bob Dylan as subject of *Don't Look Back*, to quote two of the cases chronicled in Mr Rosenthal's book. However much the limits of what is acceptable may bend in a leftwards direction, the fact is inescapable that in cinema or television to be on the left means to be in opposition. Recognition of this fact, regrettable though it may be, and of the realities of the political situation which produced it, is a necessary step towards theoretical clarity.

He must have had a vitality as splendid as his constitution. Reuben Bigland, the Birmingham printer and fellow-crook who brought him down, loved him as deeply as he loathed him. Rich men he had robbed went to remonstrate and came away lighter in heart and pocket. Poor men he had touched were enchanted by his "common touch." In an age when Elia Wheeler Wilcox was the greatest poet of the multitude, Bottomley was the greatest orator. And how much more he got out of the hundreds of thousands of pounds he pilfered than the rich and poor could have done in their giggling, greedy ways. Educated in the University of Life, he was a prince among men, the man in the street's version of King Edward VII, with his racehorses and his choruses sustained with telegrams from "Bobby."

Nothing defeats a crook like success. Having got away with colossal swindles that netted sums which even he could not estimate because he squandered the cash before he laid his hands on it, Bottomley came to believe that he was as invulnerable as did the readers of *John Bull*. During the First World War he was the great recruiter, the great trouble-shooter in the docks, the mines and factories. His war effort was magnificent (in the eyes of anyone who considered that war admirable) but for those services he was paid some 10 times as much as the Prime Minister. The darling of the Forces, he was one of the biggest wartime profiteers; but unlike the others, he remained an undischarged bankrupt owing £240,000.

No man could beguile so many people so often in so many different ways and places without recourse to stimulants. Bottomley came to depend upon champagne, for breakfast, lunches, lunch, tea, dinner and after. "A bill of champagne for £2,000," he explained to the jury, was not all for himself; but too much was for himself, if he was to preserve his liberty in the more stringent post-war conditions, which his earlier swindles had imposed. In 1922, he was sentenced to seven years and when he came out, he was a lonely legend in a world more concerned with the war looming ahead than the War to end All Wars, which he had so greedily exploited.

Mr Hyman reproduces a photograph of Bottomley at the age of seventy-two on the steps of the Windmill Theatre in September 1932. It is the most moving thing in his book, as pathetic as the picture of the Rector of Stiffkey in his barrel before being mangled to death by a lion. The little man with the huge head and the enormous belly looks like an itinerant preacher soliciting alms in a bethel, or an aged conjurer apologizing for not being able to produce a rabbit because he had left his top hat in the cab on the way to the theatre.

Neither of Bottomley's biographers pays much attention to the commercial practice of the time. Company law was so lax before 1916 that company promotion, using capital to pay high dividends for non-trading companies which then went into voluntary liquidation, was a common practice. Bottomley was unique only in swindling far more people, usually of less money, in a more conspicuous way. His contribution to the security of the little people whom he milked is that if he hadn't been so flagrantly, so crudely and even childishly dishonest, many more would have seen their savings devoured for even longer by minor sharks.

Though short, Bottomley was a big man in every other way. Oliver Twist, with whom he would have

Bottomley's come-uppance

AN HYMAN:
Rise and Fall of Horatio Bottomley
Penguin, 250 pp. £3.00.

worlds of fact and fiction overlaid and where they do, we encounter a legendary figure as Robin Hood and (Leopatra, T. E. Lawrence (roughly since May 1968) is in the Black London. Where these two-way obligatory, to see the relationship between film and politics in terms of revolution. This does not mean that all left-wing film-makers have to be seen as potentially revolutionary, because it is not; but it means that it has to be seen in light of different possibilities. Its frontiers have been drawn, and have to be respected. There will always be critical irreducibles who refuse to accord theoretical recognition to changes which have taken place before their eyes, but the changes have happened, whether one approves them or not.

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is now impossible to disentangle from his myth. For example, know that Horatio was the son of Elizabeth Holyoake, sister to George Jacob Holyoake, the founder of Secularism. We know that Elizabeth married a tailor's cutter, Horatio Bottomley, who was committed to Bedlam for madness two years before Horatio's birth in 1861; and we know that Horatio claimed that his real father was Charles Bradlaugh, whom Elizabeth certainly knew. Mr Symons

is possible that he was the illegitimate son of Bradlaugh, if it is not absolutely possible. Acceptance of it involves the assumption of a degree of complicity on the part of the Holyoakes and a very discreditable indifference to date by the addition of new material its basic perspective remains one which might have been legitimate at the time the book was written, but can no longer be allowed to pass unquestioned. This is not to deny the authors a right to their position, which is a respectable

Alan Hyman thinks it is "quite possible" that Elizabeth and Charles Bradlaugh were lovers and Horatio their child. Frank Harris detected a facial resemblance between Bottomley and Bradlaugh, and Mr Hyman prints photographs of each of them in their fifties in confirmation of the resemblance. He observes that Bradlaugh and Bottomley were brilliant lay lawyers. But when the photographs, the prominent feature of the upper lip, the shape of Bradlaugh's nose, and it would not be surprising for Bottomley, who was thirty years trying to look like Bradlaugh, to have achieved success. Then again, the legal brilliance of Bottomley's legal brilliant and totally different from

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RALPH STAVINS, RICHARD J. BARNET and MARCUS G. RASKIN: *Washington Plans an Aggressive War* 374pp. Davis-Poyntier. Paperback, £1.50.

MARVIN KALB and ELIE ABEL: *Roots of Involvement* 336pp. Pall Mall. £3.25.

ALEXANDER BARTON WOODSIDE: *Vietnam and the Chinese Model* 358pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4.75.

When Edgar Allan Poe composed *The Raven*, he chose his refrain first ("nevermore"), for its emotional effect, and then thought of a subject to go with it afterwards; only in third place did he work out his tale, to fit subject and refrain. When some of Poe's compatriots write in support of the Vietnam these days, they seem to set about it in the same order. Thus, the authors of *Washington Plans an Aggressive War* start from the premise "nevermore foreign wars", then cast round for arguments to convince us of what they admit is their "initial bias", to wit that US action in the Indochina war has been wrongful, and in third place fit their narrative to those arguments.

Mr Stavins's task of demonstrating an aggressive intent is not a straightforward one, since American action has not been directed to the

overthrow of any state but to the support of one. However, he relies on the contention that the defeat of the French protectors of the non-communist Vietnamese at Dien Bien Phu in 1954 laid South Vietnam under obligation to submit to the rule of the Indochina Communist Party; American help for the South to hold out was therefore "aggressive". On the crucial question of North Vietnamese infiltration into South Vietnam through Laos around 1961, he declares that the evidence (unspecified) shows positively that it never took place; yet Hanoi not only admits it now, but romanticizes the stratagems by which infiltrators down the "Truong Son road" (the Ho Chi Minh trail) used in those days to cover their tracks. He quotes extensively from what purport to be classified working papers of the CIA or Joint Chiefs of Staff; yet, genuine or not, his quotations tend not to support the inferences he draws from them—most notably that American intervention followed any prior plan at all.

Mr Barnett's contribution is a tirade against American officialdom, especially against its stern loyalty checks. Apart from his personal testimony to "systematic bombing of churches and pagodas" in North Vietnam by American airmen—something which, if true, could have been accomplished in an afternoon, for few places of worship are still tolerated—his essay covers the same ground as Mr Stavins's. Mr Ras-

kin's rather moves away from Indochina, with a demand that management of the United States' national defence should be transferred from President to Congress. Lest this should still not be enough to ensure that the American state can never go to war any more, he proposes an intimidating war-crimes law, applicable only to "public officials of the US Government"—by which stage the book sinks into embarrassing puerility.

In *Roots of Involvement*, a longer but less emotional book, Marvin Kalb and Elie Abel come down against either the desirability or the probability of the United States becoming isolationist. On the contrary, they believe that the combination of "lust for wealth with yearning for God" into a "romance with Asia" evinced by Americans ever since the first clipper ship sailed there in 1784 (surely a howler?) will ensure "low-profile involvement" for a long time to come. To reach this well-convicted but vague opinion, the authors have interviewed most of the principal American actors in the Indochina conflict; their text reflects the lobby politics of Washington more than the actual Indochina issues.

Alexander Barton Woodside is not American, and he writes about the Vietnam of a hundred and fifty years ago. At first, his painstaking comparative study of the institutions of government in imperial Vietnam and imperial China might appear to have little bearing on contemporary

events. Nevertheless, it touches them at two points. First, the rural measures of "pacification" which Mr Stavins condemns United States "aggression" for introducing were already a controversial issue in Vietnam in 1830, long before Western influence; and second, far from being perpetually united against the Chinese as Mr Barnett would have

us believe, the Vietnamese even then were divided between those who identified themselves with the Chinese way of life and those who did not. Mr Barnett repeats White House aides for not knowing Vietnamese history, but the Vietnamese history has perhaps in its self-repeating refrain.

Hurry on round

KLAUS MEHNERT: *China Today*

322pp. Thames and Hudson. £2.50.

Klaus Mehnert has added to the long list of books about China written after a guided journey round the country of a few weeks. Although he has been visiting China since 1929, and worked in Japanese-occupied Shanghai during the Second World War, this book does not seem to draw much on the lessons of earlier experience in China, though the occasional comparison with the atmosphere in early Stalinist Russia is usefully made.

About half of the book is made up of documents (none new) and two sections, entitled "Commentary" and "Background" and dealing with many great issues in simplified summaries, more remarkable

for brevity than perception. The Cultural Revolution is dealt with in a chapter of under three pages which is about half as long as the chapter on the very complex process of agricultural collectivization and the formation of people's communes; and while the agricultural chapter covers some of the salient points, the Cultural Revolution one does not.

What is useful in the book is the reporting of conversations with middle and low-level officials, including some at the famous village of Tichai, in which Mr Mehnert presses for information on things actually working and sometimes gets answers. If only this book had been kept a lot shinner, and we had been spared such chapters as "What Do They Really Think?" and "Are They Happy?", it would have been more enthusiastically recommended.

more light!

Goethe



The largest single project in publishing history has been completed with the publication this month of the 1000th volume in the Irish University Press series of *British Parliamentary Papers, 1801-1899*.

This series contains all the key sessional and command papers which inspired social and political legislation throughout the nineteenth century. Its impact on university research throughout the world derives from the fact that it documents not only Britain as a culture and an empire but also the revolutionary changes in living and working which began at that time and still affect mankind today.

The most valuable feature of this edition—whose consultant editors are Professor and Mrs

Percy Ford of Southampton University—is the reorganization of the original papers by subject. This presentation in 82 subject sets, ranging from *Agriculture* through *Colonies to Religion and Urban Areas*, has dramatically reduced the time and effort required for research.

Yet, although the work of publication is in one sense completed, in another it is only beginning. Over the next three years the Press will publish a variety of related bibliographical aids. This month the *Checklist* appears, listing all the papers chronologically and by subject. Next autumn will see the publication of the first subject-set indexes and commentaries—the finishing touch.

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The nationalism of the North

PAUL MUS: *Ho Chi Minh, Le Vietnam, L'Asie* Edited by Annie Nguyen' Nguyen Hô 250pp. Paris: Seuil. 21fr.

WILLIAM WARBEY: *Ho Chi Minh and the Struggle for an Independent Vietnam* 274pp. Merlin Press. £2.25.

The literature on Vietnam is of notoriously uneven quality. This is not surprising. A continuing war naturally arouses strong feelings, and the desire to rush into print before every I has been dotted and every I crossed is understandable, even in some cases laudable. Every book that is published is not merely an account of events in Vietnam, but is necessarily also a shot in the war of words about that country.

The two books under review are both written by Westerners broadly in sympathy with Ho Chi Minh and his life's work—the attempt to create a unified, socialist Vietnam. Neither book offers, or claims to offer, a full and detailed biographical account of the life of Ho Chi

Minh: rather they attempt to relate the events in Vietnam, particularly over the past twenty-five years, to the central facts and dominating ideas of the life of their common subject.

Three years ago, when Paul Mus died, he left some extensive notes for an article on Ho Chi Minh. Mus was of course well known for his perceptive study published in 1952, *Vietnam: Sociologie d'une guerre*. Even though both the author and his subject are now dead, the prospect of a study of Ho by Mus was an exciting one. The result, however, is disappointing. In a brief foreword, Jean Lacouture hints at the rather disconnected nature of the text—a fault which appears to be due not just to the incomplete form in which Mus left his material, but also to the slightly rambling style in which he approached the subject.

Ho Chi Minh, Le Vietnam, L'Asie does not purport to be a biography, but is rather a series of reflective essays on the impact of French colonization and the Vietnamese reaction to it. There are many very perceptive passages, and some interesting speculations about, for

example, the comparative political styles of Ho Chi Minh, Mao Tse-tung, and U Nu. Mus has left a fascinating example of a kind of political writing, almost stream-of-consciousness in places without ever losing its seriousness, which has a place in French literature though none at all in English. But as a whole the book is not quite satisfying, especially as it speculates all too little on those aspects of Ho's career and history which are most mysterious or most contentious.

William Warbey's book is an infuriating mixture of insight and confusion. As a Member of Parliament Mr Warbey got Vietnam right, at least in the sense that he understood far better than most of his parliamentary colleagues the depth of nationalist feeling which underlay the successive struggles of the Viet Minh and the Viet Cong; he also perceived earlier than most the futility and injustice of the American commitment to South Vietnam. The blurb claims: "Here are the background facts which enabled the author to take up the argument with such effect against Michael Stewart and the Foreign Office apologists." This claim may be justified, but equally it might be said that the limitations of this book are also the limitations of the argument as it was conducted in and around Parliament.

The scholarly faults of *Ho Chi Minh and the Struggle for an Independent Vietnam* are conspicuous. A number of major studies, directly relevant to the themes pursued by Mr Warbey, are simply ignored. There is no mention, for example, of Jean Lacouture's biography of Ho, unless he means this when he refers to that author's book of collected writings about Ho Chi Minh. Nor is there any mention of the book by M. Lacroix and Philippe Devillers on the 1954 Geneva conference, *End of a War*. The title of Harold Wilson's memoirs is given incorrectly. Many Vietnamese names are rendered without the family name—the effect being roughly the equivalent of referring to President Nixon as Richard Milhouse.

Many of the facts are presented in muddled or incorrect form. It is stated, for example, that during the Tonkin Gulf affair in August 1964, the Americans retaliated by attacking North Vietnam after the

first naval incident and before the second. This is not correct. In a later passage the date of the Tonkin Gulf resolution in Congress is given as "August 1965", whereas of course it was one year earlier. Reference is made to South Vietnam's three million Catholic voters whose presence was presumed to explain Nguyen Van Thieu's election victory; in fact the total number of Catholics in South Vietnam is reckoned at somewhere around half that figure, and not all of them of course are eligible to vote.

Some of the faults of Mr Warbey's book are no doubt due to haste in preparation and publication. He refers several times to appendices and documents at the end of his book, but these do not materialize. He mentions briefly the *Pentagon Papers*, published last summer, but he clearly has not had time to go through them in detail and integrate them with the text of his book. He states that they only served to confirm "the grotesque details of what I discovered", but this is not altogether true. The role of the CIA turns out to have been more complex and even in some respects more creditable than Warbey's narrative indicates.

The standards of evidence and proof used in the account of Vietnamese history are not always as high as they might be. There is mention in passing of secret agreements between Lord Home and the United States Government, presumably around 1960, but there are no dates, no details, and no sources. An admission by Nguyen Cao Ky that he had the support of only 25 per cent of the southerners is used as evidence that 75 per cent of those in South Vietnam broadly supported Front; but even a cursory reading of statements by Buddhists and various political figures in South Vietnam shows that withdrawal of support from one existing ruler is not necessarily to be interpreted as the giving of support to the NLF.

Despite all its faults, Mr Warbey's book has some interesting passages. Although he passes over many of the Viet Minh assassinations of political rivals without mention, he does refer to the enforced and brutal land reform programme of 1953-56. He coins a nice phrase—"socialism in half a country"—for what Ho Chi Minh attempted to achieve in the

immediate aftermath of the 1954 Geneva settlement. He is justifiably critical of Mr Wilson's statements on Vietnam, which were indeed half and empty.

Mr Warbey's account of his own part in trying to get Vietnam negotiations going is particularly interesting. He includes some extracts of his memoranda to Harold Wilson in early January, 1966. These memoranda, sent in response to a request from Mr Wilson for "reliable information" to pass on to President Johnson, were somewhat rambling and contained a number of assertions which were either inherently flimsy or were not relevant to the specific purpose of the memo. It is, alas, only too easy to see how Mr Wilson could ignore these tracts, or at best fail to pass them on to the man in the White House. Mr Warbey's book is highly critical of British foreign policy, but it is also sadly revealing about the failure to change that policy from its unimaginative and complacent course.

JOHN AUDRIC: *Angkor and the Khmer Empire* 207pp. Hale. £2.80.

It is more than a century since a French naturalist, penetrating almost impassable jungle in Cambodia, came upon the enormous ruins of the former capital of the Khmer Empire, the site of which had been long forgotten, except by pious wondering Buddhists, who had managed to keep the great Wat in some sort of repair. Thanks to the work which French scholars—and chiefly those connected with the Ecole Française d'Extrême Orient—have accomplished in the course of the past 100 years, the story of Angkor, and indeed of the Khmer Empire, is no longer shrouded in mystery, which is not to say that every puzzle has been solved, just Audric's excellent book with its drawings and illustrations, promises by far the best concise account of Angkor and its history in English. There have been many previous studies, particularly of the art and architecture of Angkor, but this book not merely summarizes the results of the latest historical research, it furnishes a background which illuminates the rise, decline and fall of this extraordinary empire.

Books from Romania

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An exhibition of books from the leading publishing houses of the Socialist Republic of Romania will be shown for a week. Books can be bought at the end of the exhibition. Subjects include Romanian language and literature, dictionaries, history, art, culture, travel books, politics, economics, medicine, mathematics and natural sciences.

Organized jointly by Libri, the Romanian State Export-Import Organization for Books, and Cambridge University Press.

Village fancies

HONOR TRACY:

The Quiet End of Evening
222pp. Eyre Methuen. £1.95.

MARY D. ANDERSON:

Grey Sisters
192pp. Chilton and Windus. £2.

If anyone should want to write a dissertation about the novel of the parish pump he would have to include Honor Tracy's Irish fancies in the world of Dora Camillo and Cloche-merle. There is Sabina Boxham, aged twenty-eight, the squire's sister, in her cottage by the shores of the Atlantic, thinking how wonderful, quite wonderful, is her new bath which 'Wormy's' lorry has just delivered. Wonderful, until of course she realizes that they haven't brought the taps or the bung and that in fact it will take about a year for the 'fittings to follow'.

Miss Boxham is a fiery nationalist but this is the Ireland of moonshine and delirium, of promises for tomorrow and smiles for today. The story, if that is the right name to give it, is about Sabina, her languid brother Thomas, and the rest of the egotistical inhabitants of Inishnamona. In a misguided attempt to bring attention to the plight of the forgotten fastnesses of remote Ireland, Pío Moriarty, the publican, and friends have blown up the narrow spit of land that joined Inishnamona to the mainland and turned it into an island. When the ferry sinks, with it go the hopes of the somewhat optimistic named Action Committee of reviving the tourist trade by a pageant about St Patrick. Colonel Sentence can't find any food for his pups and the only practical person around is Thomas's rich young English friend, Harry. He obtains a speedboat, having discovered that it is possible even in Ireland to secure immediate delivery if you pay cash. He is incidentally the only individual able to tell apart Maggie and

Bridie, Thomas's twin servants, but he is an outsider, an alien and an Englishman and he has to go. *The Quiet End of Evening* is a load of nonsense and had copy for Ireland's image, but it is well-written nonsense and it will make some people laugh.

Village gossip again in *Grey Sisters*. They, a medieval casket, and a scared young wife lead to two deaths in a novel more concerned with explaining emotions than sustaining suspense. The village is the kind in which the vicar's wife is still a central figure. The atmosphere is indeed smacks of early Agatha Christie but there is no detached detective to unravel the domestic mystery. Instead Mary Anderson slowly reveals the motivation of an unhappy woman.

Mr Brent, an elderly retired businessman, and his young nurse, Morda, married for mutual benefit. He wed her after a serious illness for her skilled care. She married him for the security he offered since she felt permanently disfigured by a childhood scar on the face. They come to live at Grey Sisters, a former nunnery which is reputedly haunted, and are joined by Catherine, Brent's elderly sister. Into the uneasy life of these three comes a young American museum official, wanting to borrow for an exhibition the gem of Brent's collection of medieval relics, a casket of twelfth-century English enamel work. Miss Anderson knows the museum world and the persuasive young man who wants to dig the garden in search of ancient vaults rings true. The same cannot be said of the beady-eyed villagers on the lookout for drama, but Morda herself, at heart of the book, is convincing and even moving. Self-revelation is a powerful emotion and it is interesting to probe the mind of someone who has long been held in its grip. Guilt is shown as belonging to many and this novel, with its old-fashioned tone, turns out to be more thoughtful than it first appears likely.

The long good-bye

PETER HANDKE:

Der kurze Brief zum langen Abschied
194pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp.
DM16.80

The short letter, mentioned in the title of Peter Handke's fourth novel, is delivered on the first page. It comes from the narrator-hero's estranged wife and is handed to him as he arrives at a hotel in Providence R.I. on the second day of his journey through the United States. "I am in New York. Please do not look for me, it would not be nice to find me."

The more we learn of the marriage, the more we agree with this warning. For it was a gradually crumbling relationship, progressing from simple forms of partner-baiting ("Your chair is creaking") to more refined tactics, such as re-washing dishes which the other had already cleaned or performing some task in such a way that the net became a kind of tact reproach. Finally they arrived at a state of wordless mutual disdain. The manner in which the narrator describes these past rituals with his wife Judith—as a series of signals which the one transmitted to the other to decode—is only the prelude to the whole way in which he sees many of the people he meets. Much of what he contains for him some message about his wife: he goes to see a show in which Lauren Bacall is playing, and her movements remind him of Judith's; he flicks absently through a Bible and comes to the passage about Judith and Holofernes; or he stays with a quickly possessive married couple and reflects much of his own marriage. Often when the narrator tries to lose himself in a world of objects and matter-of-factness, it turns out to be as full of messages as the landscape of hand-drawn and neon-signs through which he moves.

We are not surprised eventually to

learn that this figure is a writer, for he tries to stylize his journey with a whole complex of fictive roles, taken from books and films. There is much allusion-laying as the hero tries to enmesh himself in a net of spurious identities, as a futuristic America is seen against various legends of the country's bygone grandeur. At last he has to admit that he had for too long felt "at ease in the freely manipulable poses of alienation"; then, both he and Judith, as the novel concludes, are "finally ready to part in peace from one another". The process of arriving at this point is the "long leavetaking" of the title.

Grafted on to the account of this journey of self-discovery, largely of coming to terms with oneself through one's past—predictably taking the hero from the East to the West Coast—is a series of thriller clichés. Judith, also unable to make a clean break with her husband, soon threatens his life. "Happy (last) Birthday" reads a card he receives, with a photograph of a revolver on it; a mystery parcel arrives; and there is a rather cinematic "show-down" on the heights overlooking the Pacific. It would be unfair to reveal the outcome of this climax, or to point out the film director John Ford's connexion with many of the in-jokes in the novel. In fact, both murder and marriage motifs are subordinate to the game of perception. *Der kurze Brief zum langen Abschied* lays many false trails; partly because the hero unwittingly deludes himself about how much he has changed since his marriage broke down; partly because Handke takes his usual delight in playing with the concept of "fiction". "It all happened" is the final sentence of the novel, but at least three longues are in different checks at that point.

There are moments of paranoia and occasional schizophrenic images, but the narrator is not as unbalanced as the hero of Handke's previous novel *Die Angst des Tormanns beim Elfmeter*; he is simply hypersensitive

to his environment. Here Handke displays an understanding of the complex relationships and of the tones of perception. His decision of a couple living in a state of "satire, sensitivity" is a good one. Their home is their territory. All guests are remembered for what they broke or the things they left, for, like the hero, the couple only remembers negative things. The narrator describes another accident in their home; anxiously one looked on as they more dismayed, looked only at the other, as the pieces of glass dropped to the bin. But they did not say anything of a sophisticated, smiling but self-willed girl.

They were friendly to each other and again putting up with a desire to be disappointed once again, to be able to cling to each other.

The hero admits to a penitence, noticing the abnormal, and a bravura passage—this one a distorted reflection of his relationship with Judith—are handled well.

However, there are times when the narrator's cerebral distinctions and minute observations lapse into rather mechanical musings, as in the following denial of a negative air-conditioned. "I perceived the idea of going straight out into the heat, but because I was quite used to imagine doing it." Or in the piousness of certain images: "just with a screw, which one has always tried to turn a couple of times with no result, where one knows for certain in advance that it will not immediately at the next twist, but now begin to speak without 'cult'". *Der kurze Brief zum langen Abschied* is better at extended analogies to the predicament in the world confining him than when, allowing his rigidly perverse self-consciousness free rein, it indulges in short, trivial metaphors and apertures.

W.H. ALLEN

CAROLINE'S WAY

Peter de Polnay

author of so many highly acclaimed novels here tells the story of a sophisticated, smiling but self-willed girl.

John Clare's stanza is printed solemnly on the fly-leaf. But no, nothing is ironic. This novel, set in a Tennessee mountain valley (or glen), is a memento, a loyal tribute to an aesthetic past, now half a century dead. It is a tale D.H. Lawrence might have conceived, had he settled near Knoxville or Chattanooga rather than Tans.

But even in the 1920s, compared to a fellow Southerner's vision of a *Sartoris* or *The Sound and the Fury*, this would have seemed tame stuff. In good old-fashioned Hollywood movie style, flush-back leads to flash-back till all the pieces are gathered, the jigsaw assembled. It is not imagination, under pressure, that distorts the style; it is a reach-me-down style, rather, that dictates to the imagination and constructs this elegant cliché. What purports to evoke an obsessive, despolitic, virile, but brutally insensitive Southern past, is merely a final obituary, or provincial footnote, to *The Virgin and the Gipsy*.

The Southern heritage in this parable is Sunderland Spottwood—of the valley that bears his name—once ruthlessly arrogant, now totally incapacitated, a living corpse who lies paralyzed in his mouldering, patriarchal mansion, tended by his second wife, Cassie. He is physically immobilized; she is morally and intellectually withered. Both are imbeciles, automata from a haunted past, bound only by the passionate sexuality that coupled them twenty years earlier. Their first wife lay on her death-bed.

The fall of the House of Usher, the decay of the House of Compson, the doom of this sterile House of Spottwood: if the scenario seems familiar, so is its outcome. Young virile flesh must come whistling into the trap, briefly illumine this ghostly setting with its incandescent energy, and be devoured. Lies, insanity, corruption must triumph until the whole valley is drowned in a reservoir for a local state park in this model by a flood. For there were giants in the earth in those days... but Robert Penn Warren said: "I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; for it repenteth me that I have made him."

The gamekeeper, dago, gipsy, "Joe Christmas", or virility cliché of this jubilee version, is Sicilian-born Angelo Pasotto—black hair, pointed shoes and a vulnerable Mafia air. On the run, he finds an uncanny welcome in this decrepit place; and the implausible machinations of the tale ground on until Cassie is impaled upon his bed. For a second brief time, in her immature life, she is sexually obsessed; for a second time her male makes off with the neighbouring nigger.

And the dénouement? That living corpse must have its revenge. "There is a murder, a trial, with a Southern lynch mob after that nigger-loving bastard. While spotted Southern womanhood is secreted in an asylum, where a living lie may be immured for ever."

The charade is readable, exercising a chimney kind of grip in its conning of sexual thriller with whodunit. Yet not a character is imbued with sufficient inner life to transcend its melodramatic role. Even Andrew Marvell is pressed into service; and despite undoubted small-scale victories of craft, the poet's words should have been heeded: "It was begotten by Despair Upon Impossibility."

Rather than a "Definition of Love" of brief encounter and barren infatuations—they seem to stand here as a signal of dismissal to this particular rhapsodic, symbolic form.

Inccestissimo

GEORGES BATAILLE:

My Mother
Translated by Austyn Wainhouse.
136pp. Cape. £1.75.

One of Georges Bataille's more disturbing confessions was that his adolescent vigil over his mother's corpse had incited him to masturbation. For him this was an early proof that there is death in true eroticism and an eroticism in death, a coincidence that he made a great deal of in his writing. *My Mother*, inevitably, has it all: eros, thanatos and some deafening incestuous overtones.

The novella recounts, in a tiringly exalted prose, the debauchery of an adolescent boy by his mother. The whole process is going by a death of the father, and it derives its peculiarity from the condition within the boy, Pierre Angélique, of feelings of adoration and horror towards his mother. She may appear more and more sordid as she works on his moral ruin, but Bataille was an historicist of the emotions and old ones can only be transcended, never abolished.

Returning prodigally

HERBERT LIEBERMAN:

Crawlspace
306pp. Hutchinson. £2.

The cliffhanger is a neat enough device for keeping the reader interested, and properly used it can even lead to the burning of midnight oil; the technique can become a little wearing, though, when the same fraught-with-tension situation is resurrected several times. *Crawlspace* does—initially anyway—possess a few cleverly-directed moments of suspense; but unfortunately Herbert Lieberman is not quite capable of judging the point at which we stop anxiously turning the page for fear of what we might discover.

Alice and Albert Graves are a retired couple living in a rural part of America—lonely, since they have no children, and not as secure as might be imagined, because Albert has already suffered two coronaries. One day a young man, Richard Atlee, calls at their house to fix the oil heater. They are kind to him, though they find him a little strange, and it is kindness that proves their undoing. A few weeks later, they realize that the boy has moved into their cellar—living in the crawlspace, a small tunnel running under part of the house. Their initial shock is tempered by curiosity and by an instinctive benevolence: after a while, though, there occurs for the first time an incident which is to be repeated throughout the book: they quarrel about whether or not the boy should be sent packing, and finally make an attempt to drive him out.

The first time round, it is Albert who wants to be rid of Richard and Alice, whose frustrated maternal instinct operates on and off through-

Old Kentucky style

ROBERT PENN WARREN:

Meet Me in the Green Glen
376pp. Necker and Warburg. £2.25.

The title, surely, must be ironic. Love, most in the green glen, beside the willow-tree...

John Clare's stanza is printed solemnly on the fly-leaf. But no, nothing is ironic. This novel, set in a Tennessee mountain valley (or glen), is a memento, a loyal tribute to an aesthetic past, now half a century dead. It is a tale D.H. Lawrence might have conceived, had he settled near Knoxville or Chattanooga rather than Tans.

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BELL

Bread and Circassians

DAVID GARNETT:

The Sons of the Falcon
287pp. Macmillan. £2.25.

The Sons of the Falcon comes out almost half a century after *Lady Into Fox*. What revenges the whiff of time has brought in after fifty years, and in Mr Garnett's case starting ones indeed.

Lady Into Fox was precise, assured, economical—the work of someone, you would have said, who had been in the business for a long time. The present novel, by contrast, although it is written by a man of eighty, seems schoolboyish. It is, at any rate in intention, an historical novel, set in Transcaucasia in the 1860s. Koumiss is drunk, maidens are maidenly until randy old chieftains get after them, feuds mean bloodlettings, not litigation or applications to the Race Relations Board, and people's names tend to end in "vili".

A taste of goulash

DAVID THOMSON:

Hungry as Hunters
222pp. Gollancz. £2.20.

Hungry as Hunters is a fantasy which runs smoothly enough to begin with, gets a little out of control midway, and ends up by running haywire. It's an amusing ride, though, before the wheel-wobble sets in, and if the latter part of the book seems too riotously fanciful, the early chapters show that David Thomson is capable of dovetailing the factual and the improbable to produce a dry humour: had it been sustained, so much the better; but small details evoke some gratitude.

Fantasies, of course, are rather like accidents: they happen to people rather than because of them. In this case, Lázlo Kovacs is the one "done into"—a Hungarian refugee,

The story—there are floods of story—mainly concerns Prince Valeri, son of the ancient, blood-thirsty Prince Gurgin, whose life is made up of clan-fends, periodic murders, forays, totemistic, life-consuming religiosity and the bedding of younger and ever younger women. Valeri, a decent chap, becomes disgusted with all the carnage that goes on at home and leaves the tribe in search of a different, perhaps even better, life. He spends some time in an orthodox monastery, where conduct is just as shakily principled as in Prince Gurgin's fortress, and conditions are, if possible, even more bleak. He breathes purer air in the company of some wandering Circassians, and eventually returns home again, knowing now what he wants to work for, and having, perhaps, a chance—Gurgin's tenacious grip on life having at last loosened—to achieve it.

ardent movie-fan, and (the improbable creeping in) a researcher for *Trump's Guide to Eating, Drinking and Sleeping in Britain*. On a routine food-booze-and-bed-testing trip, Lázlo falls in with a film company whose star, Hope Middlewich, has long been idolized by Lázlo. With the inevitable ambivalence of a true aficionado he can relate the casual intimacies of her smallest screen role while thinking of her as being more remote than Jupiter. Hope's twin hair-cutting habits—are not enough to shake a devotee like Lázlo. Full of po-faced admiration, he is welcomed on to the film lot, where Hope is starring in the enigmatically titled *Search of Martin Bormann*. A title like that can only lead to incoherence, and sure enough the plot promptly ramifies when Lázlo

What is the purpose of this long dive into the alien and barbaric culture of a hundred years ago? There is no flag of period. Gurgin and Valeri and the Circassian and Tatar are settled in place and time. Certainly Mr Garnett takes care to costume and manner these but these by themselves are not enough. So is the book to be taken as a fable for our times? Well, Mr Garnett has always stood firmly for the natural, instinctive life, unswayed by rite, ritual or artificial and arbitrary convention. Yet it is difficult to see anything of the crusade in Valeri's "action-packed" picture.

The novel, in fact, is simply a rather perfunctory narrative—just one damned thing after another. It is all put down—although, in the accepted adventure-story sense, the events could be described as "entertaining"—with an odd sort of idiosyncrasy.

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THE NATURE of the German revolution of November, 1918, has been a bone of contention among historians ever since Arthur Rosenberg published his critical account of it in the 1930s. Recently, a good deal of serious work has been carried out on this subject in Germany, and many important source materials relating to the revolutionary period have been published. On the whole, German scholars are now concerned to refute the view—which had been widely accepted by their predecessors—that in 1918 the provisional German government headed by Friedrich Ebert was seriously threatened by the radical revolutionary movement which culminated in the "Spartacist" rising of January, 1919, and which threatened to saddle Germany with a Bolshevik dictatorship. This view implied that Ebert had no choice but to seek help from the more conservative forces of "order" to prevent the country collapsing into chaos.

An investigation of the political attitudes of the workers' and soldiers' councils—from which Ebert's government drew its authority after the collapse of the Hohenzollern Empire—has made it clear that, however important the Russian model may have been in stimulating the creation of the councils, the opinions prevailing in most of them were far from sympathetic to Bolshevik experiments. Their supporters usually behaved with caution and moderation. Hence responsibility for the feeble showing of the revolutionaries is now more commonly placed upon the shoulders of Social Democratic politicians—men like Ebert, Scheidemann and Noske. They are blamed for their lack of vision and determination—defects which inhibited them from exploiting the opportunities available in a country where the old regime seemed overnight to have lost both its physical power and its moral authority. There is a great deal of weight in this argument, but it would be altogether too facile to imagine that a few more vigorous leaders in Berlin could have forged a stable democracy in Ger-

Germany's revolution

many without running serious risks of civil war.

F. L. Carsten's masterly study is free from any such over-simplifications. It is based on a detailed and comprehensive knowledge of an immense range of original sources and makes skilful use of published research. It also breaks new ground by attempting a serious comparison of revolutionary events in Germany with those in Austria and Hungary. The case of Austria is particularly interesting, and its significance has tended to be neglected by German historians. Austrian social democracy developed differently from its German counterpart during the First World War and its leaders were considerably more successful in attaining their objectives during the immediate postwar period. Nevertheless, before long they too suffered defeat.

As befits the historian of the German Reichswehr, Professor Carsten is concerned with explaining the failure of the Republican leadership in Germany—supported as it was by apparently "revolutionary" soldiers' councils—to break the influence of the old German officer corps over the armed forces. Ebert and his colleagues—including the Independent Social Democrats—took the view that without the technical expertise of the Imperial High Command, German forces on the Western Front could not be evacuated in accordance with the terms of the armistice. Yet, in the case of Austria, the army on the Italian front

F. L. CARSTEN:
Revolution in Central Europe, 1918-1919
360pp plus 21 plates. Temple Smith £4.50.

was in a state of disintegration and its command structure had virtually ceased to exist. Soldiers fought their way on to homeward-bound trains. Those who could not find room in the carriages travelled on the roof; many were killed passing through tunnels. It was not a well-drilled evacuation, and it caused concern for public order in transit areas; but within a remarkably short time it was successfully completed, without the need for complicated staff work. It proved that, so long as the railways were operating efficiently, demobilization need not prove an insoluble problem for a revolutionary government. Perhaps General Groener was not indispensable after all.

The republican government in Austria was successful also in creating an armed force which was both well-disciplined and loyal to its political masters. This was the Volkwehr, organized by Julius Deutsch. Deutsch encouraged social democrats to enlist in the force and restricted the part played in it by the old Austrian officer corps. When, in 1920, a professional Austrian Army was set up in accordance with the terms of the peace treaty, Deutsch was able to incorporate many Volkwehr elements in it. This army remained a non-political force, obedient to the government of the day. Deutsch's success showed that social democrats and trade unionists could be persuaded to serve in a Republican army provided they felt confidence in its leadership. The Austrian example contrasted favourably with the notoriously lopsided recruitment policies of the German Reichswehr.

Deutsch and his Austrian colleagues were helped by the fact that the Austro-Hungarian army was in complete collapse by November, 1918, and also by the comparative unity of the Austrian Social Democratic movement, whose leaders stood consistently to the left of men like Ebert and Scheidemann. Partly for this reason the Austrian government seems to have enjoyed a better relationship with the workers' and soldiers' councils than was often the case in Germany. The Austrian workers' councils were developed after the revolution had already

destroyed the Habsburg regime, and they were always more firmly under the control of the Social Democratic Party. In Germany they had sprung to life spontaneously, and sometimes—as in Munich or Bremen—they supported radical leaders hostile to Ebert's SPD. Although most of the German workers' councils acted constructively and with conscious restraint, many SPD politicians regarded them as potentially subversive bodies that might interfere with the smooth working of the German administrative machine.

The chance to exploit the voluntary effort represented by the councils in order to mobilize working-class enthusiasm for the new regime was lost. Hence the councils might play a part in the democratization of German government or the "socialization" of industry also proved vain. The government encouraged civil servants on a national and provincial level to restrict the competence of the councils and to give them only an "advisory" voice in public affairs. Wherever possible their functions were to be limited to the task of maintaining order pending the return of "normal" conditions.

Ebert and his associates were only partly to blame for the feeble showing made by the council movement. Professor Carsten provides fascinating illustrations of these bodies at work in many parts of Germany and Austria, and it is clear that in both countries they were rarely self-confident or determined enough to establish the kind of authority which could challenge the Prussian Landrat or the Austrian Bezirkshauptmann. Although some of the councils did sterling work in the field of food-distribution and housing control, they never managed to eliminate the old municipal or provincial authorities, except in some very short-lived and usually disastrous instances. The revolution suffered also from the conflict of interests between town and country. Professor Carsten is especially interesting in his comments on the peasants' councils which appeared in various parts of Germany and Austria. These did not create a revolutionary situation in the countryside, but tended to defend the farmers against urban demands for food supplies at restricted prices. The war on the black market was one of the most prominent features of German and Austrian domestic life in the postwar period, and it tended to set the farmer against the urban worker.

Top brass in concert

SAMUEL R. WILLIAMSON, Jr.
The Politics of Grand Strategy
The Politics of Grand Strategy for War, 1904-1914.
409pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £6.

After Andrew, Rolo, Motiger, Callwell, Roskill, Marder and others, it is not at first sight easy to see what contribution Samuel R. Williamson can hope to make to this topic. He has not seen any new collections of documents and he has not been able to consult many of the archives, both in London and in Paris, which are now open to inspection. In fact, it is curious to see how many of the private papers, listed in the bibliography, are described as "having been of only limited use to him. But if one looks beyond such items as the first Moroccan crisis and the start of military conversations which have been better described elsewhere and hurries to the close and detailed

examination of the military and naval consultations, certainly up to 1912, then one realizes how valuable *The Politics of Grand Strategy* is. It is not that there are any major surprises but Professor Williamson's account demonstrates more clearly than has been done before, the nature of Anglo-French strategical thinking. An example of this is his account of the remarkable and unprecedented all-day meeting held by the Committee of Imperial Defence on August 23, 1911. This meeting (which was not attended by Kitchener because he was sure that the Germans would beat the French and he wanted no part in any decision concerning British involvement on the continent) discussed the role of a British expeditionary force. There were arguments for and against it, there were speculations concerning its strength and implications, and there were revelations of how the Admiralty and the Army were failing to cooperate with one another. All this is well set out and, compared

upon by Professor Williamson. The author is sounder on technical matters than on political, and so far as strategical discussion is concerned, his account is of considerable value. When he discusses the political events, Professor Williamson is not always convincing, when he discusses the reasons for Lloyd George's intervention in foreign affairs in his Mansion House speech (he says it was "Churchill or one of the senior Foreign Office officials" who gave the notion of speaking on the occasion) and he also speaks of a move by Asquith and Lloyd George to reduce Radical interference in foreign policy. But it is noticeable when he comes to August, 1914, that he discusses both the political and the military issues of intervention. Britain was free to intervene, and whether there was any danger of intervention, and whether the manner of intervention

What are husbands for?

What are husbands for?

MAIR: *Marriage in Tribal Societies*
Penguin. Paperback, 30p.
F. M. MAIR (Editor): *Marriage in Tribal Societies*
Cambridge University Press.

Even more damaging to the workers' councils in Germany was the fact that their most vocal and most energetic supporters saw them as a hindrance to the fight against the more extreme revolutionary elements and thus tarred them with the brush of Bolshevism. The deep conservatism within the USPD prevented a moderately progressive concept emerging about the future role of the councils in a democratic Germany. All too often the position of the workers' councils was weakened by the fratricidal conflict between SPD and USPD, a conflict concerned as much with the past as with the future. The balance created by the events of the First World War, during which the Imperial regime's military machine while others languished in gaol, was not forgotten. There can be no doubt that this unhealthy and destructive rivalry, these two sets of rules, though they were clearly shown to be interlocking, was deeply shown to be interlocking. Nonetheless, Professor Mair, who would expect, remains quite open to the possibility of marriage in the book on marriage in kinship, which every student ought to be able at least to

talk about"; he holds that rules for the exchange of women between social groups must have been expressly devised by the leading minds of primitive societies. "Well, perhaps they were", comments Professor Mair kindly; "no one can say."

For this, despite a lively chapter on marriage strategies, is frankly a book about marriage, not alliance; and very refreshing it is. The rules obtained in different societies are ably reviewed; but the emphasis is always on the people that live by those rules, that manipulate them or suffer under them or, sometimes, manage to evade them. Getting married is everywhere expensive; Professor Mair discusses why this should be so, and how people in various societies manage the difficulty. Everywhere, too, marriage is tied up with other, non-economic values, with prestige and honour, amity and the dread of conflict, as well as the more obvious emotional values; Professor Mair shows us how all these things are expressed in the accompanying ritual. But along with the symbolic expression of solemn values, marriage ceremonies

often have a playful, "fun" side not always apparent from ethnographic description. This, too, is highlighted here, as are the genuine stresses and fears experienced by the bride and her kin as well as the husband's social group. It seems a pity, incidentally, that Professor Mair, so deft at redressing the occasional imbalances of her male colleagues, does not comment on why hypergamy, alone among technical terms evolved in the discussion of this subject, is defined and seen by all anthropologists from the woman's point of view.

A more serious omission occurs in the chapter on the termination of marriage, where some mention should surely have been made of J. A. Barnes's work on the collection and use of divorce statistics. But such minor flaws are amply outweighed by the sheer scope of this little book, as well as its good humour and good sense. The final chapter deals with "modern times" essentially in Africa and Asia; but much of it, and especially the discussion of *femmes libres* and *femmes libres sérieuses* in the Congo, cannot but provoke thoughts on female eunuchs,

sensuous women and the feminine mystique in general. The relevance is all the more telling for not being made too explicit.

It is good, too, to see a second edition of one of the works recommended by Professor Mair in her "Suggestions for Further Reading": *Marriage in Tribal Societies*, a collection of four papers (all of them, oddly enough, also by women anthropologists) edited by Meyer Fortes and first published ten years ago as part of the Cambridge series of "Papers in Social Anthropology" (and reviewed here on July 27, 1962). These detailed studies illustrate, in rather more technical terms, many of the points made by Professor Mair in her general review, particularly as regards marriage strategies, bride-wealth payments and divorce. Three of the studies are of African societies; the fourth, by Marguerite Robinson, is an illuminating reappraisal of Malinowski's data. Professor Fortes's introduction, with its suggested interpretation of marriage choices in terms of the Theory of Games, remains a useful and stimulating contribution to the subject.

The priority of praxis

LUC DE HEUSCH:
Pourquoi l'épouser?
330pp. Paris: Gallimard. 37fr.

If there is a common theme to these essays, mostly reprinted from various journals, it is, as Luc de Heusch himself says, that they relate to structural anthropology, whether as defence, criticism or illustration. As such they might be of value to English readers, since Professor de Heusch seems a good deal less alien than Lévi-Strauss himself. He deliberately distances himself from the enthusiasms of the Paris intelligentsia that have so obscured the scientific status of Lévi-Strauss's work; equally he avoids the literary and rhetorical conceits of the minor. As an Africanist he discusses the kind of material that is familiar to us, and is aware of the issues with which British anthropology is concerned.

Two of the essays, which discuss the development of the structural approach through Lévi-Strauss's work, are especially interesting. In several early papers Lévi-Strauss boldly, and crudely, borrowed the approach of Roman Jakobson's linguistics in an attempt to illuminate the central features of kinship systems; and *Les structures élémentaires de la parenté* promised to develop this approach. In fact, however, it does something different: it analyses kinship systems in terms of the exchange of valuables, which is neither the same thing as linguistic communication nor reducible to it. Indeed all social life has a linguistic aspect; but language, the categorization of values, and the production of valuables represent different modes of the transition from nature to culture, between which the differences are as significant as the analogies. Actual kinship systems are determined more by praxis, by economic and political relations, than by the logic of language or thought.

With *Le Totémisme aujourd'hui* Lévi-Strauss applied his method to more suitable material: for totemic systems are indeed systems of classification rather than of social structure. Professor de Heusch sees *La Pensée sauvage* as a retrogression, and indeed an indiscretion. The comparison between totemic and caste systems is ingenious but ultimately deceiving; for systems of caste, like kinship systems, are determined more by praxis than conceptual structure. It is only with the initiation of *Mythologiques* that the method finds its proper field and is able to develop its exceptional fertility.

So far so good; but with a second essay covering the same ground, and entitled "Signes, réciproques et marxisme", one realizes more clearly how far away from us Professor de Heusch really is. He seeks, for example, the concept of mechanical

according to his introduction, to "situer Marx dans le jardin de Lévi-Strauss"; a major part of the essay is headed "Lévi-Strauss dans le jardin de Marx". Despite the fact that Professor de Heusch is explicitly concerned to show that structuralism is not a philosophy, that there are several distinct structuralisms even within the work of Lévi-Strauss, one is left with the unhappy suspicion that he sets praxis against structure less because the facts demand it than because he is a Marxist as well as a Lévi-Straussian.

It is not surprising therefore that Professor de Heusch never meets the major objections that anglophone anthropologists raise against Lévi-Strauss. He praises the fecundity of Lévi-Strauss's thought; and in one of the minor essays in this volume he expresses delighted surprise at how clearly the mythological code of Lévi-Strauss can be traced in some legends of the Bakongo. He fails to consider that it is just this ready and endless applicability of structural analysis which raises most doubt about its scientific value—even though in another essay he has questioned the ontological status of the vast American field from which Lévi-Strauss draws his mythical material.

Taken as a whole, *Pourquoi l'épouser?* is less rewarding than it might have been: partly because Professor de Heusch is too committed really to come to terms with the criticisms of structural anthropology, partly because the essays were written before the later volumes of *Mythologiques* had so to speak, choked the enterprise in their unlimited fecundity. Nevertheless it contains essays, less centrally concerned with structuralism, which are well worth reading.

In particular, Professor de Heusch's enthusiastic review-article on Mary Douglas's *The Lure of the Kasal* is brilliant; it not only distils the essence of Professor Douglas's own analysis, but significantly deepens it by a powerful analysis of the real meaning of the term *mbal* (which she laments translates as "age-mate"). Two papers on the various forms and usages of spirit-possession in Africa, though to some extent they duplicate the analyses of British anthropologists, are excellent in resolving confusions and posing problems.

Tough nutshell

ZEVEDEI BARBU:
Society, Culture and Personality
An Introduction to Social Science
183pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £2.10 (paperback, £1.10).

Zevedei Barbu treats of large subjects. He has written an introduction not just to one social science but to Social Science, within the compass of one short book. This includes fourteen pages of preface, in the course of which he explains that, while writing it, his initial effort to keep the presentation relatively simple "became less and less effective". However, a number of students who read the manuscript expressed their preference for what he considered to be the more difficult passages and chapters. The resulting short text is perhaps more suitable for social science graduates than for the first-year student who might legitimately complain at being confronted, without any prior explanation of the terms involved, by passages like the following on Durkheim:

In his concern to demonstrate the comparative method, he made himself liable for the error of over-definition in two particular senses. First, he defines two modes of social integration in their purest form, as almost ideal types. Secondly, he goes a long way towards identifying his concepts. Take, for example, the concept of mechanical

solidarity. To understand the meaning of such a concept it should be enough to say that integration is consensus, i.e. a social condition resulting from shared beliefs, sentiments and values. But this would not do for Durkheim, because consensus implies convergence of individual consciousness and would thus be a purely mental phenomenon. In other words, the whole approach reflects of psychologism.

and so on, as though the reader is assumed to have already completed a course in sociological theory. Among other things, this little book is intended, hopefully, to wear a certain category of student from "wanting to know more and more about Karl Marx" by presenting "tenable alternatives to the Marxian conception of society". Another general idea the book embodies is that "sociology is not, and cannot be considered, a pre-emptive science"—it is "full in need of basic principles of orientation and growth". And, finally (to characterize what is particularly to Professor Barbu's approach), there is an unusual emphasis, for an introductory text in a sociology series, on anti-historical syntheses, such as those of Wölfelin, Fœchlin, Mèlè and d'On. However interesting and valuable these may be in their own right, the attempt to assimilate their kind of generalization in a sociological context may tax the intellectual discipline of a first-year student.

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Viewpoint

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

SITTING AS I AM at this moment* in a Bedford motor caravan, somewhere between Rome and Naples, with a portable Olympia on my lap, I am not well able to be properly bookish. Certainly I am in no position to place references or verify quotations, and I invite the reader (who probably requires no such invitation anyway) to feed superior. I am thinking of a short piece by George Orwell which everyone except myself can place a precise finger upon—the one about the reviewer. Orwell presents him, I seem to remember, as a dressing-gowned, unshaven, tea and tobacco addict sitting at a table strewn with old bits of paper which he may not throw away, since there may be a cheque somewhere underneath. The room, which is filthy, is crammed with review copies which he has not yet got down to selling at half-price. He himself is crammed with self-disgust. He regards his trade as ignoble and dishonest, but he lacks the courage to leave it. To become a schoolmaster would be, for some reason, even more ignoble and dishonest. He has not the talent to live off writing works of the imagination; he is not sufficiently a scholar to attempt genuine criticism. Even if he possesses talent and scholarship, he is too disillusioned or exhausted to write a new book. He is fit only to be the Reviewer.

This goes too far, of course: People never set out to be reviewers. They have to be writers first. They have to show some public evidence of literary ability before editors will ask them to do a little reviewing. Having published a novel or so, they are invited to review novels. Having written a witty brief study of Erasmus Darwin, they are persuaded to review the latest biography of Samuel Rogers. Then they become alive to the attractions of literary journalism. It does not pay much, but it pays regularly. A deadline is a fine substitute for a genuinely literary urge. But sooner or later the self-disgust sets in. It has to do—Orwell seems to say—with whipping up a factitious emotion about the book or books reviewed. About most books published it is hard to feel anything at all, but even book journalism has to have some feeling behind it. And so the reviewer flogs himself into an attitude: "The fatality of Mr. Manning's opening sentences makes the mind boggle, and it is a fair earnest of what is to come." "I have always been a sucker for novels about the Bog People, and so I devoured Mr. Turnbull's new offering at a sitting." "If I have to read another novel about Primrose Hill adultery I shall scream."

The reviewer, like any other journalist, has to entertain, and there is not much entertainment in ordinary drab indifference, which is to say honesty. Mr. Manning's opening sentence ("Of Jakob Mandelstam's life, only one fact seems sure—that he died in 1972") is a decent enough

but you must think of your duty to your readers and make it sensationally stupid. You have never heard of the Bog People before, but now is your chance to present yourself as a fine mad eccentric in the great British tradition. You have not previously even thought of Primrose Hill adultery, but the blurb obligingly states: "This is not just another novel about Primrose Hill adultery," giving you your cue. I recognize that this kind of showing-off is not relevant to reviews that carry no by-line—as in the TLS—but it is amazing how much the reviewer can get away with even here: "To anyone who is an aficionado of fiction about the Bog People—and there are probably only one—Mr. Turnbull's new offering will prove a positively excellent treat," and so on. It is, incidentally, always possible to imitate the name of the reviewer into an unsigned article.

My way was to end with an anecdote. Also note the hint of New York bourgeois Untermyer—rarely grossly explicit, sensitively soft-pedalled. It is more daring to introduce the signature syllabically in the body of the article—"and like in his industry, with a hony or whosone quality of mind, he bids fair to burgle into an essentially fidgety kind of critic"—but editors are quick to pounce on such crookedness.

Reviewing—as this game seems to imply—is not merely dishonest but frivolous. It is, of course, present-day reviewing, not reviewing of the old Walter Bagehot kind. Ask for five hundred words on any new book, and you at once solve the reviewer from reading it. There was once in London a sort of magazine which merely reproduced the blurbs; the income of its quite unenterprising owners was derived from the sale of review copies. You can still get away with blurb-reproduction, so long as you decently paraphrase. Allow me to show you what happened to a blurb of a book of my own:

A *Clickwork Orange* is the scorching autobiographical confession of Alex, a juvenile delinquent of the unspecified but not very distant future, who tells the tale of his own original "ekowes" and his "re-education." In the peculiar slang of his generation, it will take the reader only a few pages to master and revel in the expressive language of "nadaa," after that he has before him an easily digestible feast of picaresque villainy and social satire. The book can be read as a laugh horror comedy or, on a deeper level, as a fable of good and evil and the importance of human choice.

Without troubling to cut, let alone digest, the easily digestible feast, one provincial reviewer turned out the following:

Mr. Burgess's new novel—more of a novella, judging from its length—is a kind of contemporary volume of confessions in which a young hoodlum recounts his career of villainy—rape, robbery, violence and the rest—and the error of his ways. He uses a slang of his own, which seems to be a kind of

tion of the author's. It does not take long for the reader to learn it, though it is a little offputting at first, and he is soon able to take in without trouble the story of juvenile criminality. Mr. Burgess seems to show a certain coolness in the end-of-the-century, since his book has a certain picaresque formlessness and it tries, though without conspicuous success, to emulate the satire of Swift. It is conceivable that some readers may see in it a certain moral or theological theme, but it is essentially a kind of literary horror comic. I put past reading horror comics many years ago.

In some ways this kind of cheating is preferable to the reviewer's actually reading the book and either not understanding it or not reading it at all. One hack reviewer I knew was well-regarded by publishers, editors and readers alike. He always said what the book was about and he never disparaged it. His copy was always filed in plenty of time; he received the book, he paraphrased the blurb straight on to the type-writer, he sold the book; he needed the money. I suppose that this type of life was not compared with some ways of life, all that reprehensible. He only cheated the gods of literary criticism, but what—in England—has literary criticism to do with reviewing?

When the wordage of a review gets into the thousands, then and then only is it in danger of becoming criticism. One trusts such a review mainly now to be found in America—because the reviewer dare not be too careless; after all, he is himself writing a book, of which this review will be a chapter. He will not begin by saying "Mr. Burgess is becoming a bore" or end with "I fear I lost patience long before the end." He will try to be honest, fair and thoughtful; after all, Mr. Burgess himself may be asked to review his eventual volume of critical essays.

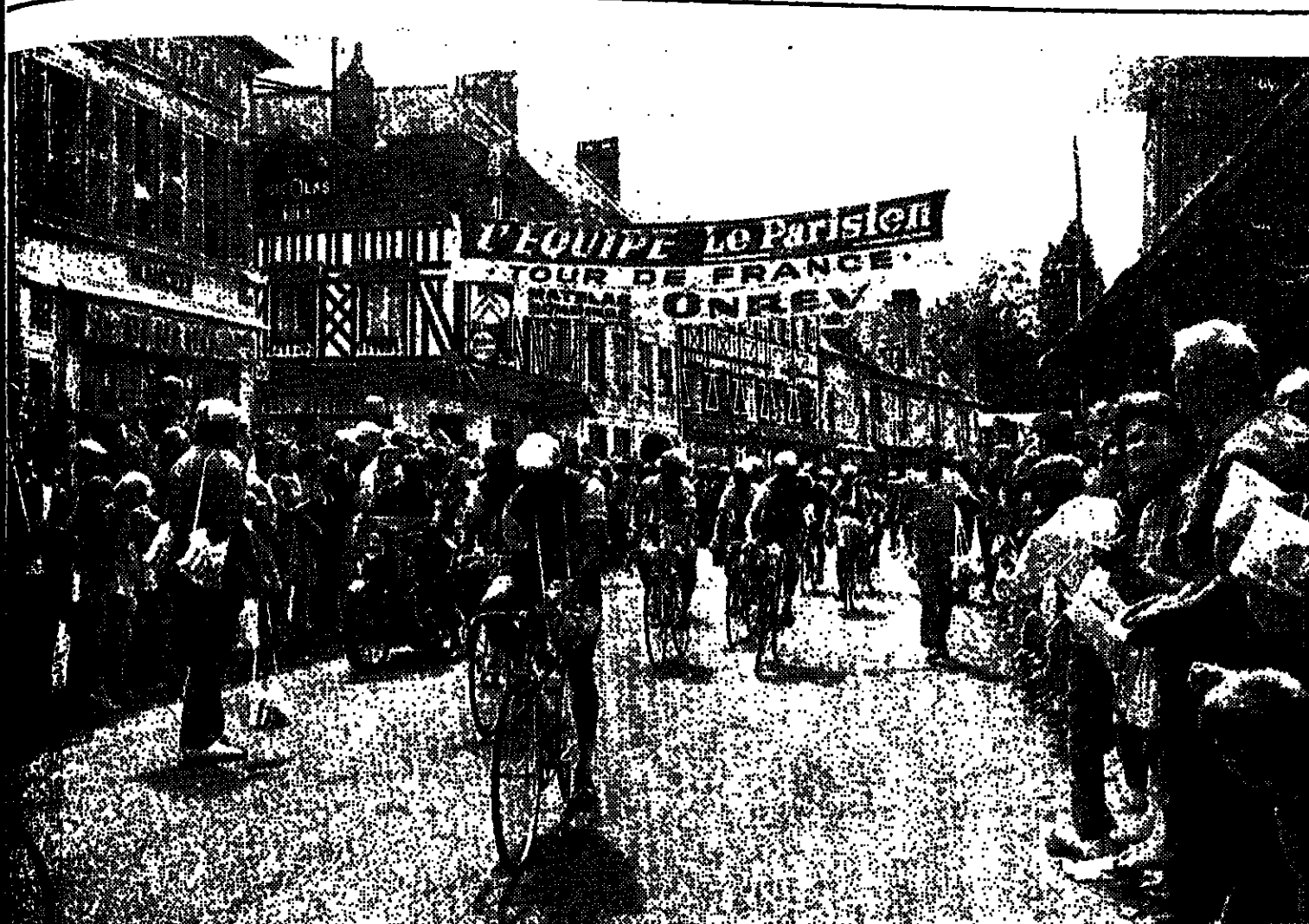
But of ordinary reviews—those one finds in the Sundays or weeklies—it is hard to say anything good. Even when they praise, they cannot resist cleverness at the expense of the reviewed; they approve, but from a height; they imply that their own prescription for a good piece of writing seems to have been fulfilled; this patient is fit enough but, of course, he will have to watch his health. When they dispraise, they neither damage the sale of the book—whose quality the reader must find out for himself anyway—nor help the writer to reform his faults. Usually the writer knows, far better than the reviewer, what his faults are, and if he could get rid of them he would. Nabokov, for instance, used to be told that he was pedantic—a fact he knew, and still knows, very well. His achievement is surely to make pedantry work for him. To capitulate to his intractable flaws is one of the tasks of the artist. Sometimes a novelist, in the interests of dramatic veracity, will deliberately write in a very loose or slipshod-seeming way, and then it can be very painful to be accused of being a slipshod writer. If you want good reviews, it is best—if you can afford it—to be like Alroy Kear in *Cakes and Ale* and invite the reviewer out to luncheon. You do not explain your artistic aims, you merely feed him well, and then he associates your next book with a remembered physical pleasure.

The latest review that any novel of mine ever received was one I wrote myself. At least I had read the book and knew it pretty thoroughly, so I was able to discuss its faults and virtues with some confidence. But I was widely condemned for some time after to get work as a reviewer, the implication presumably being that names like V. S. Naipaul and Iris Murdoch and Paul Scott were conceivably pseudonyms of mine, and I could not be trusted to review fairly books which had those names on the title-page. I think that no harm would be done if, for one issue only, the TLS tried the experiment of asking authors to review their own books. One thing is quite certain, and that is that the book itself would receive unkind attention—a thing made, an artefact to be evaluated—and that the personality of the writer would not come in for a pronouncement. One of the most shameful things to have happened to a book, in my opinion, is that it should be reviewed by the author.

Sir John Squire indulged in regard to *Ezra Pound's* which, Squire said, "looked like this: getting at personalisation, course, one of the aspects of review, and there are few things more entertaining than personalisation. But a book need not be like a person, any more than the reviewer ought to be about books. Squire later wrote a book which I fired me from his mind, praised without reserve. He wrote me about my magnanimity, turned it, and even asked me to lunch. I did not go to lunch, I disclaimed the attribution: I liked the book.

Since I left England nearly years ago I have done hard reviewing in British periodicals, though I continue to do a sporadic amount for American ones—and I seem to be a man, though also a poor one, of the deprivation. Not even a saintly reviewer can avoid it off. As a mere amateur of painting I must wonder why, for Bullshod could not, in fifteen hundred closely pages, find room for a brief notice to that lovely painter Voelstopping? falsifying the service of wit. We must take beauty of Mr. Throstle's heroic obligation with regard to his bringing in cruel and personal invasions ("Miss Cheselady has, understand, a wooden leg, and appears to write with it"). Without doubt, a far more creative craft than real fiction, and advantage of living away from land is that one is no longer under an obligation to be a sort of literary intellectual, which means taking *New Statesman*, *The Listener*, *Observer* and *The Sunday Times* periodicals full of clever and wounding reviews. Even if it is not a new book out oneself, it always the vicious pain one feels for others, and there is also possibility of a snide indirect reference to one's own work (this first novel, young Mr. Squire achieves with ease what, in his after lumbering book, aging Mr. Squire never quite makes").

So far me, now, the reviewer out there in two senses. I must, I confess, close a couple of literary tasks for Radio-Televisi, or RAI, but those are primarily linguistic exercises. As the occasional review of my own work—always very belatedly—lately—does appear in *Face Smiles*, but this is in another country and, besides, the wrenching birth to the book is dead. I am a Plaisir de l'hexagone is a brilliant piece of reporting, a society and on individuals, a computer, by young technocrats, and I am to the point, nearly worth of sympathy. But I am Bodard, whether he knows it or not, he has the ability to depict the process of social change and to reveal the hidden assumptions of the inhabitants of a city or a province.



JOEN BODARD:

Plaisir de l'hexagone
Paris: Gallimard, 25fr.

THIS IS MUCH more than very good journalism; for the author is a journalist of international standing, who has previously written primarily about the Far East. On coming, after many years of travel, to colonial wars in Indo-China and, successful and unsuccessful, in rapid, torrid capitals, with death constantly in his mind, with the killing sometimes far off from the air-strip at which he landed, the traveller, jaded and extraordinarily energetic, public, the technocrat's *hexagone*, is a report in depth on what might be described as the state of the country and, besides, the wrenching birth to the book is dead.

Plaisir de l'hexagone is a brilliant piece of reporting, a society and on individuals, a computer, by young technocrats, and I am to the point, nearly worth of sympathy. But I am Bodard, whether he knows it or not, he has the ability to depict the process of social change and to reveal the hidden assumptions of the inhabitants of a city or a province.

Man, Settlement and Urbanism

Edited by Peter J. Ucko and G. W. Dimbleby

This book, like its predecessor *Man, Settlement and Urbanism*, is a collection of papers delivered at an International Research Seminar in Archaeology and Urbanism, London—this time the subject was the origins of urbanism and the nature of the process of urbanization. The papers are collected here on Ancient Egypt, and the most complete coverage available to many other disciplines.

Of *The Domestication of Man and Animals* critics said: "A convincing example of the standard work in the field." A massive contribution to the number of books in the standard work in the field.

Report on a tour de France

His first visit is to Ancenis, once a small market town on the Loire, dominated, during his childhood, by the local gentry, now just another new industrial area, run like a computer, by young technocrats, and I am to the point, nearly worth of sympathy. But I am Bodard, whether he knows it or not, he has the ability to depict the process of social change and to reveal the hidden assumptions of the inhabitants of a city or a province.

All individuality has gone, the town has lost its identity. The teenagers, rushing in droves to the pinball machines on their Vespas, are indistinguishable from those of Courneuve or Arcueil. Gone are the riding breeches of the country squire, the blue smocks of the peasants, the black coats of the lawyers and the professional people. The whole population is clothed by Pin-It and fed by a *super-marché*. M. Bodard expresses no regrets, merely draws up the balance-sheet of change. This study of the death of a small country-town and the loss of a once stubborn provincial culture is the most moving section of the book. For this is no homecoming for the traveller. All traces of home have vanished, even the old *mairie* has acquired Quirly-type doors that open automatically, and the young *mairie* speaks in statistics, in front of a map which dutifully responds to his fluent exposition in winking coloured lights. The radicals and the royalists seem to belong to an age that ended hundreds of years ago, but that in fact still existed in the 1930s.

Not is this by any means his only contribution to contemporary urban

history. M. Bodard returns, again and again, to Marseille, to the changing pattern of its criminality, to the cruelty and fickleness of its population, especially in terms of sport, with the same loving fascination and acuteness. The old Corsican villains, the *nervis*, la *pègre*, the dangerous little bars of the Quartier du Panier, all these are now as much the memories of an era as that which ended finally with the overthrow of the Guérin clan. Marseillais crime has become industrialized and anonymous, thriving primarily on heroin, with its invisible entrepreneurs and its chain of middle-men. Its suburban laboratories along the coast, and its own feed. Even prostitution has become depersonalized, at least as far as organization is concerned. For the few material remains much the same; the woman cannot be replaced, but the artisanal cannot be replaced. So the old gangs have been rendered redundant, along with the post-midnight slabbings and the *revolutions* of the Thibauts, Corsicans, Nikos Lebanese who have now moved into other trades. If one wishes to know what has become of the Marseille of Marcel Pagnol and of Cendrars, read M. Bodard. It has disappeared, almost without a trace. M. Bodard is now nearly as much a museum piece as the picturesque and admirable Carbone and Spirito, the killers of the 1930s and of the Occupation period. Marseille is now a much safer, and duller, place, save, of course, for the teenagers who have been sucked into the awful, gloved communities of heroin addiction.

M. Bodard is equally good on the dark, dismal, cut-off, intensely proud

town of Saint-Etienne. There is a passage about the empty, cobble streets of that peculiar city on a Sunday that might figure in an anthology of urban literature. He is at his best when thus attempting to prise open a community intensely particularist and deeply suspicious of anyone not brought up in sight of the *crasseurs*. The one way out, for so many young Stéphanois, is to be taken up by the Association Sportive; for this, the competition is savage, the training rigorous—the young footballers are brought up like seminarists. At the end of the road is the threat of retirement at thirty, the certainty of retirement at thirty-five.

Then there is M. Bodard the social, as well as the urban, historian. Particularly good is the section on the Théâtre du Palais-Royal: the plots and the clientele are still much the same: "le coucage", trouserless lover in the wardrobe; but the trappings are now those of a technocrat's "pseudo-gentilhomme". Domains de Chilly-Mazarin ("son tennis, son parking, son équilibration, sa piscine, and so on—see the advertisements in *Le Monde*, or anywhere else), the furniture of the converted mill in the Brie, as described in *Vie et Campagne*. The cuckold is apparently still good for a few years—a decade perhaps—for the owner-manager is not very optimistic about the future. He gets grandfathers and grandmothers; but already the forty-year-olds have lost interest; the bedroom scene will soon be confined to "la France de grand papa". *Le coquetterie*, the red-faced gentleman who takes his hat to the regimental colours, attends the July 14 military procession, applauds the swift-stepped march of the Legion, has already been completely laid to rest. There is nothing military about Pompidou, upright, encased in black, like an undertaker in his open casket.

M. Bodard wanders from the Palais-Royal to the Casino de Paris and the Folies. Both have had their drains repaired, the old smell of sweat has gone. But Madame Févry, of the Sentier, still supplies them with ostrich feathers; her family has held the monopoly of the industry since the great days of the Second Empire. But she too, is the last of the line. He visits the great Madame Soleil, in her quiet study, facing on to a rustic courtyard, in the area of the old coaching inn, in the XXV. There is no decline in her clientele; on the contrary. Has she not predicted the results of all the most recent referenda? She is a quiet, scholarly lady of good family, who knows about Quantification, keeps abreast with reviews—no doubt *André* 28, which devotes so much

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Oxford University Press

The mentor of angry young Italians

LORENZO MILANI:

Lettere

Edited by Michele Gesualdi
325pp. Milan: Mondadori. Paper-
back, L.1,000.

Lorenzo Milani was born in Florence in 1923 and died there in 1967. Inevitably after his death he was turned into something of a popular hero, television programme, and newspaper setting out to canonize overnight a man who in his lifetime had often been an embarrassment to both left and right. Dead and silent, he was a convenient figure to idealize, almost a martyr: his early death was agonizing and heroic, his later work, in fact, being done from a long-drawn-out deathbed; and he had been reviled if not actually persecuted for his convictions. Then, too, his intransigence could be forgotten, and the qualities that made him difficult for either political side to accept while he was alive could be smoothed out; indeed, once he was unable to answer back, they made him a fill herb for either side to adopt.

He was a Catholic priest, theologically and morally orthodox however scruffy to the church, and so the Church could claim him for its own; he could even be made a symbol of progressiveness within the Church, an example of just how revolutionary and anti-establishment a priest could be while remaining inside it. But the fact that he spent his whole working life in the service of the poor, in waging an often bitter struggle on their behalf against the establishment in Church, education, state, army and the press, and that he was often castigated and repudiated, or at least treated with suspicion, by his superiors and colleagues, meant that the left could claim him for its own as well; his life could even be used as an example of the Church's failure to make enthusiastic use of its best material, of its reluctance to use, even to compromise with, left-wing ideas.

He even had the background of bourgeois affluence that is always rather fascinating in revolutionaries, a background of his own to shake off if he were to enter the life of those he served. His grandfather was an eminent archaeologist; his great-grandfather, the scholar Domenico

Comparetti, and his mother, as a girl in Trieste, had been taught English by Joyce: in the often provincial atmosphere imposed by Fascism in Italy in the 1920s and 1930s, the family remained polyglot, liberal, intellectual and cosmopolitan, with a background of wealth and even when much of this was lost, still a large country estate and more than its share of upper-middle-class comfort. It was also strongly anti-Fascist from the early days of Fascism and actively involved in wartime resistance. Lorenzo was studying painting when a sudden conversion (which would seem to have been social as much as strictly religious) made him decide to become a priest. There was no background of Catholicism in the family—indeed it was outside the mainstream of Italian Catholic life, the mother being Jewish, the father a non-believer.

Don Milani, as he was generally known, devoted his life to the poor; but they were not the dramatically poor that Dolci, for instance, has worked for in Sicily. He worked in two country parishes in the province of Florence, where people were not just materially poor but—more importantly—intellectually and spiritually deprived, politically ignorant and apathetic. It is hard for outsiders to understand the extent of such deprivation in Italy, even today, for in the North and Centre at least a surface affluence now seems to cover some of the spiritual hollows beneath, and none are better than the Italians at the game of *bella figura*, or keeping a step ahead of the Joneses. That transistors and scooters, elaborate weddings and first communions were no substitute for education, knowledge of the world they lived in, and self-respect in a cruelly competitive society, was something Don Milani kept telling his people. If the result of his telling was a good deal of truculence, at least in the youngsters he taught, this was understandable: after generations of humiliation, an arrogant generation is perhaps inevitable.

Certainly his teaching produced angry young men. A month before he died, a book written by eight of his boys at the school of Barbiana, which he founded, inspired and taught in, was published and achieved extraordinary success in Italy: as

Lettera a una professoressa, in America and in Britain (there, as a Penguin Education Special) as *Letter to a Teacher*. It was about education in Italy today; more generally, about educational systems that, like Italy's, favour the middle-class child and discriminate against the poor one; more generally still, about a whole way of life that does so, that perpetuates social injustice. Lord Boyle wrote an enthusiastic afterword, charmingly courteous even where he disagreed, but mostly in agreement with what it had to say: Edward Bligh called it "this marvel of a book... a masterpiece of protest". It was written in a brisk, militant style that in itself bristled a flag in Italy: a flag of protest against bombast and rhetoric, long sentences and hackneyed expressions. (The translation, an American one, is unfortunately poor.) Some people have found its tone a little hard to take from children (perhaps this is mere adult weakness, a weakness of the privileged); just as some found their manners in real life hard to accept. ("I've tried to make them sincere, and they've turned out rude," Don Milani says in one of his letters; but it is hard to see why he could not have given them a few simple social tips—that Italian adults may not expect to be addressed as *tu*, for instance.) And it is disturbing, when they make so much of accuracy and claim to have rechecked every phrase, to find Oxford and Cambridge described as "universities reserved for gentlemen", whatever that may mean. But slips of this kind, like the aggressive tone, are no doubt an inevitable result of scrambling out of social isolation in a few short years, of feeling anger rather than age-old apathy, revolutionary fervour rather than indifference.

Letter to a Teacher must be read with Don Milani's *Lettere*, for the two books complement each other, the first being a kind of distillation, a children's version, of the second. Don Milani was not just a teacher who founded his own school but an influence that pervaded every detail of his pupils' lives. Among his letters there is one from the children, describing things at the school: working hours were from eight in the morning till 7.30 at night, with a short break for lunch; no recreation and no games, but an hour's skiing in winter if there was snow, or swimming in summer in the pool they had built themselves; no holidays, either: they attended the school 365 days a year and 366 in leap years.

When they grew older (the middle teens), Don Milani sent them to jobs abroad for a while; languages were

one of the school's strong points—they learnt English, French, German and Spanish—and were sent where they could use them. There, Don Milani's interest, help, encouragement and occasional disapproval followed them; occasionally tangleling up arrangements because he did not know local conditions. Their parents, not surprisingly, seem to have had little say in things. The whole concept of such a school, the vigour and enterprise of its pupils, was remarkable if one considers the near-illiteracy they might have expected from ordinary state education, ill-suited to boys of their class and convinced, from the beginning, that it could do little for them; if one considers, even more, the ancient attitudes of fatalism and humility in their families, the ingrained feeling that to be a peasant was to be the bottom of the proletariat, to be despised even by other workers who happened to live in towns.

Don Milani's letters fill out the bare, brusque letter from his boys. They show the man who taught the boys to write as they do, but whose own style, though equally functional, is much more fluid and of course more adult. Although most of them are written simply (one feels) as conversation, their style is remarkable—fast and no-nonsense but vivid and varied, and full of an extraordinary personality that even at one remove loses its brilliance (through the eyes of his boys, though they love him, he sounds stern and less humorous than he was, but that, face to face or in a letter, lights up with warmth and humanity). In one of the letters he says what few priests or politicians will admit, that you cannot love man in the abstract, only individuals and quite small groups; so he loves, he concentrates upon, his children at the school and their welfare. Others, he admits candidly, even in writing to them, he has no time for unless their experience can contribute something to his boys. Always these boys must be learning about the world around them, learning to hold up their heads, to demand their rights: it was a political training within a Christian framework. Their parents, the boys remark, call them communists if they say they want to spend their lives helping others.

The children shared Don Milani's life, his enthusiasms, his quarrels; they defended him against outsiders, the press, his superiors. "Emmence," they write starkly to a cardinal, though admittedly the letter was never posted, "the letter you wrote to the Prior while he was in hospital displeased us a great deal.

You wrote so many bad things," Don Milani's book, *Lettere pastorali*, was withdrawn from the Holy Office; open letter to the military chaplain who called conscientious objection cowardly involved him in a series of trials (when he was dying and after his death) in which he defended himself through the lens of Fascist crimes. "Obedience is longer a virtue," he said, and this caused some to think of a great gap yawning between the Fascist and the other democracy of today.

The letters are a splendid guide-much in Italian life, its faults, its attractions, its attitudes. They are broad, their treatment of the free, vigorous and open-minded. When he had time to consider the world, Don Milani was a self-conscious, more tightly knit Italy than in most places, to which by birth and upbringing and certainly by virtue of his own mind he belonged. But his intellect had a unique direction; like his whole life, it was put at the service of others. As he could find no time for his own life, he could find no time for his own friends, unless they could help him for intellectual interests and they too were of help to his boys. This made the boys demand impossibly high standards from all teachers, and an impossible amount of interest from all adults. "A man can call himself a teacher when he has no cultural interest just for his sake," they wrote.

They had been formed by a remarkable man, with something of the genius and something of the saint in him, yet limited in his own thinking and almost ingenuously publically. Perhaps the Christian message, which he took literally, seemed so to political theorists that he was to the left, and made him despise the worldly aspects of Christianity he saw around him; it made him unrealistically idealistic, almost impossibly demanding; it made other schoolmaster have got a two-hour day, every day of the year, including Christmas, from his pupils? A kind of harshness, a lack of compassion and understanding often appeared in his relations with others. He may have been right saying you could not love man in only individuals, but he was too selective in his choice. To the town and the crushed and the spineless and undernourished, his heart was warm and intensely sympathetic, but he does not seem to have loved his neighbour, or to have taught his boys to love him, if the neighbour happened to be bourgeois.

Writ in mud
MIDDLE EAST
VICIA WRIGHT:
The Nile
Fushoda Incident of 1898
Heinemann, £3.25.

British lawyer, Sir Thomas Barclay, had observed Anglo-French relations over a period of thirty years, and he claimed that the crisis of 1898 was one of the episodes in history which would have to be written more accurately. He cannot have known the French years and the drama of Fushoda. A French expeditionary force, a tiny expeditionary force, had been sent to the Nile, to the French flag above a muddy, ineffective mud fort, are con- sidered by a host of Highlanders and a hundred Sudanese troops. When the principals meet, their disrepute is seen to degenerate into a farce. Everyone present has the feeling that if the British use force against the French then this can only be a war between the two countries. A war of bottles and glasses is a very old and all is amity (or at least a superficial so). Nor is it only a war of bottles and glasses. Behind the drama, the deep, calculating awareness of the strategic importance of the Dreyfus affair, and the French diplomatic lay the French. It is not surprising that his- torians should love to tell this story, and that neither Britain nor France need be ashamed of those who made the name of Fushoda famous in 1898. She tells us too that in a gesture towards French pride, Britain changed the name by which this mud- bank was known, and the fort took the name of Kodok from a settlement near by.

The British too were heroic on their mudbank, sharing their hastily constructed huts with millions of insects, tongs and crocodiles, succumbing to a variety of fevers and dysentery. But Mrs Wright clearly disapproves of Kitchener, after his triumph in the Sudan, riding triumphantly on his white horse while his defeated opponent was dragged along in chains, lashed by the Sudanese guards and spat on by the crowds. She comments that Kitchener had then forgotten his idealism and that the normal reactions of civilization seem far from the battlefield. However she concludes that neither Britain nor France need be ashamed of those who made the name of Fushoda famous in 1898. She tells us too that in a gesture towards French pride, Britain changed the name by which this mud- bank was known, and the fort took the name of Kodok from a settlement near by.

round and about in Anatolia
NEW MANGO:
The Travels of Ibn Battuta, A.D. 1325-1354
Translated and edited by H. A. R. Gibb
Volume 3
pp.339-771. Cambridge University Press for the Hakluyt Society, £4.

time of the Capitulations, when foreigners had rights and privileges which they flaunted in the face of the ordinary citizen. All that is over; but there is still the feeling that Turkey is being unduly in- fluenced, or patronized, by outside powers. And until the Cyprus problem can be solved, this feeling of resentment is likely to persist.

After three introductory chapters on geography and history, the Turks as a people, culture and arts and crafts, the author embarks on his tour. They take him to Thrace, Istanbul, the Coast, and finally the Plateau. The section on Thrace is particularly revealing. Not many people appreciate its riches; they either miss the area altogether or they quickly reverse it in order to reach Istanbul. Yet Thrace covers the Dardanelles, and the Gallipoli campaign is remembered as a clean and chivalrous battle... its fiftieth anniversary was marked by mock landings of Anzac veterans who were met in a friendly welcome by their former Turkish enemies. No such recapitulation has taken place, and we may reflect, on the Western front, Mr Mango returns to this region, and to Troy, in the chapter on the Coast.

Of Byzantium-Constantinople, Istanbul, the author writes with the relish of an aficionado. He has a way of pausing in his sightseeing for the timely reflection: "The conservative view of life has not without its uses to the cause of civilization. To the conservative efforts of Byzantine Constantinople we owe a great deal: the broad stream of Christian orthodoxy... the texts of the classics... a hierarchy of every work, whether Church, icon or decorative object, is meant as an expression of the continuity of Byzantine Constantinople, extremes met: the fixer was also the uncompromising religious fanatic."

This order can still be seen in monuments which the Turkish conquerors left or adapted to their own needs. To some extent the great mosques, with their stylized inscriptions, are a continuation of it. These domes continue to lend the city its majesty today, for public buildings

campaign in the Sudan and the difficulties of the Marchand mission from the French Congo to the Upper Nile. She uses material which has mostly been in print for some time, such as the *Journal de route* written by Emily, the doctor of the expedition, or General Smith-Dorrien's *Reminiscences*, and it is clear that she seeks to interest the reader by reference to these contemporary sources and by re-creating the atmosphere of the swamps, the rain, mosquitoes and hippos. She tells us that as they journeyed inland where no white man had been for eighteen years, the French sang *bourgeois* songs. "Wherever we are, it is France," wrote Emily, and just as he thought that the Nile acacia gave an exact impression of the elegant walks of Versailles, so he commented that, as on the boulevards so where they were, everything should end with a song.

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Palgrave's golden tongue

NEA ALLAN:

Palgrave of Arabia

The Life of William Gifford Palgrave 1826-88
318pp. Macmillan, £4.95.

There are three kinds of explorer who have earned the title "of Arabia"—the avowed Christian (Doughty), the convert to Islam (Philby) and the traveller in disguise. Burton and Palgrave belong to the third category and, though this book does not say so, were exact contemporaries and had identical experiences at the beginning and end of their careers. Gifford Palgrave travelled from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf via Hall and Riyadh in 1861-63; his book about his journey is one of the most readable of Arabian travel books, and used to be enjoyed, it is still said, by the great King Ibn Saud. It is well summarized by Mea Allan in thirty pages of her book. For the remaining sixty years that she has to cover, she does well so long as she sticks to ground that she knows; she is often adrift when abroad, and badly so when she is obliged to tackle the nineteenth-century history of the Ottoman Empire.

The Palgraves, originally Cohens, took their gentile name on a marriage into Norfolk in 1823. Miss Allan, as the biographer of their cousins the Hookers of Kew, is familiar with the family saga, and is able to give each aunt's maiden name and list the calling cards of the great in each silver tray. In two generations they lent distinction to their new name, producing three knightings, the founder of the Public Record Office, the compiler of the *Golden Treasury*, an editor of *The Economist* and a chief

clerk of the House of Commons. But they also bred a hybrid.

Gifford Palgrave, who shone at Oxford, sampled soldiering in India but within two years had become not only a Roman Catholic but a Jesuit. Five of his fifteen years as a priest were spent ministering to the Christian Arabs of Lebanon, where he witnessed the notorious massacres of 1860. This harrowing experience revealed him to have a talent for propaganda. Purves opened when he appealed for the victims in England and in Ireland; "The Maronites were fine, active, vigorous men, such as I have seen in Tipperary."

But, Giffy's talents as a travel-writer and propagandist apart, he was a problem employee. Miss Allan works so exclusively from the Palgrave papers, and has read so little of contemporary events in the Middle East, that she takes him wholly at his own valuation. Her Giffy is right, or is the injured party, when in fact he was at odds, first with the Jesuits and then with the Foreign Office, both because he was indiscreet and because his political judgment was emotional and faulty. When his "paroles in exarces, imprudences" were too much for the Jesuits, he left the order; successfully, he was ready to work for Louis Napoleon, or for the Prussians, provided they would send him back to the Middle East. Like Burton, he ended in the service of the British Foreign Office, but was not trusted to hold a Middle Eastern post. (Miss Allan does not seem to know why Burton was sacked from the Damascus consulate in 1871—just before Giffy joined the service.) Giffy might well have been the less reliable consul of the two, for his ideas for the Arab future (which she labels "unchallengeable knowledge"

and "clear-cut") are woolly and wild in the extreme. They impress her, and impressed over-enthusiastic empire-builders such as Louis Napoleon and Chinese Gorbun, but they ignore history. For instance, in 1861, Giffy advocated Egyptian expansion into Syria and Arabia under French puppets, and in 1868 (when he and Gordon were two of the many straws clutched at by the Khedive Ismail to suggest solutions for his indebtedness) seems to have been ready to envisage European rule in some British form. "Give me Gifford Palgrave and I will rule the Arabs," exclaimed Gordon, carried away by Giffy's golden tongue, and disregarding his own lack of Arabic. The experiment might well have produced two rebellions and murders instead of only one.

Miss Allan's Middle Eastern chapters are full of slips and mistakes. Some reflect Palgrave's own misjudgments. For instance, Arabi Pasha, far from being "the tool of France and the Porte", was an Arabic-speaking xenophobe opposed to foreign domination and a nineteenth-century precursor of Nasser; again, the French soldiers whom she and Palgrave see as "humiliated in Beirut in 1861 had in fact conducted a successful expedition, for it won an internationally protected enclave for the Maronites." She always writes "Arabia Petraea" for Arabia Petraea, causes the Caliphate to be moved to the Euphrates, where it never was, Halim Pasha to rule Egypt and T. E. Lawrence to "visit these same places" as Palgrave in Arabia, which neither man did. Is it the many charming reproductions of sketches of the Palgrave family as children that make this work seem expensive? Five pence short of five pounds is too much to pay for a book only half of which is good.

Despots in Delhi

The Travels of Ibn Battuta, A.D.

1325-1354

Translated and edited by H. A. R.

Gibb

Volume 3

pp.339-771. Cambridge University

Press for the Hakluyt Society, £4.

Volume one of the late Sir Hamilton Gibb's translation of Ibn Battuta's *Travels* appeared in 1958, volume two in 1962, volume three has now been published, and the final volume is being prepared for publication. Thus the best conceivable English version of the 1325-58 Dehriyeh original will eventually be completed. Gibb's own critical skills having complemented those of his eminent French predecessors. His lucid English, his capacity vividly to reproduce Ibn Battuta's lively but unexaggerated descriptions, and his careful collation of historical material with other sources, make this version the reliable encyclopedia of fourteenth-century Islam.

This is indeed a rich, useful compendium. There are faults. For example, *Atatürk* does not mean "Father of the Turk" but rather "Father Turk". More seriously, in a book which depends so much upon itineraries, there is no map. It is appropriate to notice John C. Dowdney's handbook after that of Mr Mango, because it provides a factual basis for any serious visit to Turkey. Indeed, it is intended not merely for scholars but for businessmen and tourists. It has fifty-two maps and diagrams, all of which are useful. If no single volume has yet been devoted to Turkish geography, then the present one is long overdue and should be widely welcomed. By "geography" the author understands a wide range of subject-matter: physical, human, economic and regional. The facts are accurately set out, and the spelling of Turkish words is, refreshingly, impeccable. If the tourist were to take this volume with him, he would learn something about almost every mile he traversed. It is an excellent adjunct to the same publisher's geography series. Perhaps the only detail that might be challenged, at least as regards Turkey, is that the group identified as Turks are said not to have reached Anatolia before the eleventh century AD. This goes against the view of Turkish nationalists and historians; but its explicit formulation helps to dispose of some of the aberrations of those scholars whose views remain orthodox teaching in Turkish schools.

He chronicles Delhi's "Slave Kings" before the capricious one he served; the most notable of those Turks who hacked their way to reality in that ancient capital, whose pre-Mughal state, Ibn Battuta describes. Islam's persistence as the eagerly courted legitimating institution for these upstart rulers was the reason why this western Arab enjoyed the Tughluqid Sultan's bounty: a juridical sinecure, and villages for

his upkeep. Muhammad Ibn Tughluq delighted to entertain men who spoke the Arabic of the *Koran* and were descended from Islam's originators. Hulagu Khan destroyed the 'Abbasid Caliphate in 1258, but Ibn Battuta reveals a putative 'Abbasid receiving homage at Delhi a century later. Muhammad Ibn Tughluq pruned the Caliph's descendant to place his foot upon his neck.

The Sultan's appalling cruelties gave him much to atone for, and show the horror of tyranny based on fear. The text is tirelessly applicable to aspects of human experience our own age cannot pretend not to know. Victims' screams, however, are the Tughluqid coin's obverse. Its reverse was lavish building and patronage of artists, the learned and, so long as they avoided politics, the pious. Barbaric ruthlessness was inconspicuously regulated by a palace etiquette's exacting pomp, bequeathed to suffering humanity by ancient Persian emperors. It screened officials scrambling for shares of the spoils, before their turn came to die abominably. Fourteenth-century Delhi's travellings such as this one are for the philosophical mind, not for the squeamish.

HASAN S. KARMI:

Al-Manar: An English-Arabic Dic-

tionary

903pp. Longman, £3.

Of satisfactory Arabic-English dictionaries there is no lack, but there have been fewer English-Arabic dictionaries, and this new one goes some way to fill the gap. Well printed in Beirut and comparatively inexpensive, it is reliable making no claim it does not fulfil. Intended largely for the use of students in Arab secondary schools and colleges, it has good indications of the pronunciation of English words, occasional definitions when there is no exact Arabic equivalent, and some illustrations. Most of the Arabic words are fully vowelised as a guide to correct pronunciation; modern Arabic equivalents of English words are given, not archaic classical ones.

To readers of the TLS:

We are conducting a research study into newspaper readership and would like to get in touch with people who read or look at the TLS but seldom have occasion to buy it.

If you live in or near London and never buy or only occasionally buy the paper we should be grateful if you would contact Mrs. Doreen Harper, Market Behaviour Limited, 9 Stanhope Place, London W2 2HH; telephone number 01-723 4257, before May 12. If you write, please include your telephone number.

Christian ceremonial

GEOFFREY WAINWRIGHT:

Eucharist and Eschatology

237pp. Epworth Press, £5.

Geoffrey Wainwright's publishers put him in the starred-first class, along with Gregory Dix and Francis Clark on the eucharist. Their blurb is entirely justified: the only pity is that this classification of his book confines its significance to the field of theology, and somewhat controversial theology at that. It really deserves the attention of anthropologists and social scientists as well; of those who read Edmund Leach or Claude Lévi-Strauss but who normally give dog-eared writing a wide berth.

Mr Wainwright is a Methodist minister who teaches theology at Yaoundé in East Cameroon. Without being in the least affected, by one of the shallowness or frenzy recently current among theologians, he has written a genuinely post-conciliar and ecumenical study, drawing appreciatively and critically on all Christian traditions. He makes a constructive contribution to unity precisely because his concern is the scientific treatment of a new problem, not the

diplomatic patching-up of old quarrels.

He studies the central ceremony of Christianity in its relationship to the past, present and future coming of God's kingdom; it is this examination of the way in which Christians place themselves ritually within the temporal movement of human society, or, as Mr Wainwright says, this "liturgical way of doing theology", that gives his study a wider cultural reference than most pieces of exegetical or historical writing. He shows that the eucharist as a meal looks forward to the banquet of heaven as well as backward to the Last Supper; that it is, neither atomistic nor totalitarian in its presentation of community and individual responsibility; that it holds in proper balance God's gift and man's appropriation of that gift; that it makes it possible to understand how God's kingdom depends both on the present and final intervention and on a progress within which all persons and nations, in human history have their significance; and that it contains a contemporary act of judgement and renewal which

anticipates the cataclysm expected by Christian belief at the end of time. Mr Wainwright is at ease with literary as well as philosophical material, with symbols as well as concepts, and he adds to his perceptive presentation of the liturgical evidence provided by the Christian art and architecture. He provides some admirably clear judicious summaries of recent work on the eschatological dimension of the Gospel and on eucharistic questions, and draws some important conclusions for the intercommunion policy of the Churches, for instance from his major themes.

Mr Wainwright repeats the familiar remark that Roman Catholic theology has been inclined to put a simple equation between Kingdom and Church, but does not argue enough evidence for us to judge whether the critique is justified. More use of the classic ritual sacramental presentation of the eucharist would have helped to crystallize his ideas. But this is a minor fault; this is an important book which deserves a wide audience.

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IN MARCH 1970 an international symposium, attended by some sixty-four scholars, was held in Cambridge on "Uses of the Computer in Literary Research" (reported in the *TLS* of April 2, 1970). Its proceedings have recently been published by Cambridge University Press under the editorship of Roy A. Wisbey (reviewed here on February 4 this year). At the end of March there took place in Edinburgh the first successor to the Cambridge Symposium, under the auspices of Edinburgh University's Institute for Advanced Studies in the Humanities. The Edinburgh Symposium attracted an attendance of all but one hundred scholars from a wide range of European countries and from the Americas.

The thirty-six short papers which were read in Edinburgh covered most of the topics of the First Cambridge Symposium. One notable difference of emphasis, however, was the rather higher proportion of papers which described the application of more or less sophisticated mathematical techniques to the quantifying of stylistic habits in such matters as favoured sentence-length, number of words per sentence, preferences for one class of words (such as adjectives or verbs) over others, the favoured positions for certain words within sentences, and variations in "richness" of vocabulary. These are among the tools offered by the computer for measuring (it was claimed) more or less objectively the variant habits of writers and so comparing one writer with another (as in authorship problems) or with himself in different parts of his work (as when a change of mood brings a change of treatment).

Another innovation of the present Symposium was the group of papers devoted to measuring the tendencies of words to co-occur with certain other words within written texts or in the mental associations of individuals. Several of these speakers showed slides illustrating the formidably complex network of verbal associations of varying degrees of "strength" which could be derived from a series of observations based on a single "node" or "stimulus word". One speaker, having described a pilot study of occurrences within a corpus of literary text, looked forward to the time when it would be possible to establish a full "thesaurus" of English on the basis of observed associations of this kind. A subsequent speaker, however, presenting what was doubtless one of the Symposium's most important

The literary uses of computers

BY A. J. AITKEN

papers, described an already existing thesaurus based on some 8,400 original stimulus words each of which had been presented to 100 different "subjects", resulting in "the largest collection of systematic information about the associative habits of speakers of the English language"; this thesaurus, already existing as a very bulky body of computer line-printer output, is being published as micro-film, it also exists as a computer data-base, accompanied by a suite of programs for its interrogation, including one program, at present being developed, for "conversational" interrogation from a remote terminal.

Beyond the concordance

A less colloquially restricted kind of lexical investigation is that known as "thematic analysis", which studies the frequency with which certain words or groups of words evoking certain key notions occur or co-occur or fail to do so. Apart from its capacity for tirelessly sifting and counting particular occurrences of words within very extensive stretches of text, one advantage claimed for the use of the computer in investigations of this sort is its lack of human partiality, its objectivity. Several papers explored computer-assisted approaches to literature on these lines.

In general this section of the Symposium demonstrated a tendency to explore fields of literary computer use, as one title put it, "beyond the concordance". Not, one imagines,

that any of the participants would wish to dispute the usefulness of the concordance itself as a basic tool of lexical study. Indeed concordances formed an essential link in the chain of procedures required by some of the more ambitious projects already mentioned. Concordance programme-packages are now commonplace and virtually every academic computing centre is likely to possess one. One paper did, however, describe certain facilities currently being added to one of the most flexible and generally available of these, the Atlas Computer Laboratory's Cocco program as designed to make it "machine-independent", easier for the "unskilled" user to operate, and more adaptable for scripts with numerous diacritics and special letters. Another paper described a program for simultaneous interrogation of concordance and text from a terminal, enabling the concordance to be looked up without the necessity of storing bulky masses of paper output. Still another speaker argued against the practice of many of the editors of published computer-generated concordances, of omitting important statistical data, such as word-frequency tables and profiles, which would occupy at most only a few pages, and illustrated his own proposals for a standard form of presentation of this kind of data.

Three papers dealt with computer-assisted textual criticism. One of these illustrated the exploitation of the computer's ability for manipulating and quantifying vast numbers of small details, far beyond human capacity, in collating textual witnesses and compiling the textual apparatus for a staggeringly large corpus of sources (the 5,000 manuscripts, as well as other witnesses, of the Greek New Testament); one bonus of computer use for this purpose is that once the text and apparatus have been assembled by the computer and the textual scholar, automatic—and therefore both cheap and error-free—printing can follow. Similarly, in evaluating the metrical norms and the deviations from these of any extended body of verse the number of details of which the scholar of prosody might wish to keep track might well exceed human capacity. Three of the Symposium's speakers described their methodologies for collating the help of the computer in this task, two of them carrying out some preliminary tagging of the words of the text, the third operating direct on the "raw" text.

In all these applications of literary data-processing, as well as in others yet to be mentioned, probably the most laborious and error-ridden stage of the operation is that of "input", the conversion of large bodies of text and other initial data into computer-readable form. Until recently the only widely available means of doing this was the "key-punch"—that cumbersome, inconvenient and expensive simulation of typing. A present-day alternative is "optical scanning", employing a device which in effect reads directly from type to computer input. One interesting paper presented to the Symposium related the speaker's own experiences with the various firms who offer an optical scanning service—the machinery required is so costly that few if any research institutes can afford to own it. One of these firms has a machine capable of reading virtually any roman-type font, but at a high cost,

the others, which include several in Britain, have their machines geared in practice to particular fonts produced by ordinary electric typewriters. In the speaker's own case it proved substantially cheaper to have his two million-word text typed conventionally and scanned by one of these firms rather than key-punched.

Another kind of "input" problem is that of working out the various codings or "tags" which it is useful to insert into one's text before it is converted into computer-readable form, so as to enable the computer to carry out its operations more efficiently and cheaply or, in some cases, to carry out the required procedures at all. Some of the most generally useful, if very utilitarian, papers or sections of papers presented to the Symposium discussed this problem for a variety of projects.

Then there is the problem of "output". From the computer itself this can be in the form of magnetic tape compactly storing the output data in coded form. Several papers glanced at the possibility of publishing some of the results of a computer-assisted piece of literary research simply in the form of a copy of a master magnetic tape. The purchaser can then interrogate the file at his own local computing centre, using whatever standard or ad hoc programs he chooses. Or he can have his copy of the magnetic tape converted by his local centre into "hard copy" of the whole or any part of the original output, as and whenever this is required. In compactness of storage, adaptability and freedom from error this has great advantages over publication by conventional type-setting. It seems likely that it may become a standard form of publication of specialist computer-produced reference works, for which there is untapped only intermittent demand from a limited number of users.

But there is no escaping the necessity for converting the output at some point from computer-readable to human-readable form. Standard line-printers can provide, after a fashion, output in alphabetic script. One paper presented to the Symposium dealt with the facilities for producing concordances to works in exotic scripts such as the Persian form of Arabic, available to all British Universities from the Atlas Laboratory.

Publishing the output

As was illustrated by many of the projects described at this Symposium, line-printer output from literary data-processing—for example for a concordance—is commonly extremely voluminous and tends to result in an unwieldy mass of paper, often presenting quite serious problems of storage. As an alternative to publication of the magnetic tape itself, another conveniently publishable form of this output is by microfilm. One important paper dealt with the plans for making generally available in computer-generated microfiche and magnetic-tape form the "Michigan" Early Modern English Materials—the collection of three million-plus citations built up in the 1920s and 1930s for the University of Michigan's still unedited and unpublished Dictionary of Early Modern English (1475-1700).

The same speaker alluded also to another existing, if not yet widely

available possibility for sharing the resources of a large common archive such as the "MEMO": that of summoning up the information required over a telephone cable from the computer which holds the archive on to one's own local "video-display console" (a device like a television screen on which a message can be held until dismissed, or until another is requested). Eventually we may also hope in this way to consult our principal existing word and dictionary, and by merely turning a screen compare the concordance entries in several of them. One important outcome of these techniques, as this speaker stressed, was that of facilitating communication between several or many institutions on very large academic projects like the DEME which may be far beyond the resources of a single institution.

Another large-scale dictionary project—for a (selective) "semantic" (or concept-based) dictionary of English—employs computer facilities as a means of storing large quantities of data and of sorting them to resultant dictionary word entries eventually either be published in Michigan materials in microfiche or microfilm form or made available "on-line" in some such way as just been suggested.

One speaker devoted his paper to a plea for more "control" of literary computing than exists at present. Cambridge University's Linguistic Computing Centre is perhaps the only institution at present existing in the English-speaking world exclusively devoted to this kind of work, though centres of this kind exist in a number of other countries. Two represented at the Symposium were Leiden University's *voort Nederlandse Lexicologie* and the Centre de Traitement des Langues des Documents de la Université de Louvain. The speaker proposed that British scholars engaged in work of this kind should band themselves together to gather and share knowledge and experience and to establish standards for such things as character sets, formats and documentation and act as a kind of pressure-group in this sort of interest. An offer of facilities in this direction came from representatives of the Linguistics Group of the University of the Institute of Science, Technology, whose freely distributed newsletter might serve as a house within Britain for such much as the *Journal of Computing in the Humanities* (published by the University of New York) does in a larger area.

Clearly another valuable way in which such needs are met is by current symposia or conferences like the first Cambridge or the second Edinburgh one. The third of these is scheduled for April 1974 and will take place in Cardiff. (Those interested should write to Professor R. Churchhouse, Computing Centre, University of Cardiff, Main Building, to be published later in the proceedings of this Edinburgh Symposium, by Edinburgh University Press, probably under the title "The Computer and Literary Studies".) The mix both useful and interesting for beginners in this field and interest in a more controversial kind for those

K. G. B. BAKWELL: *A Manual of Cataloguing* 298pp. Oxford: Pergamon 1968. £8.

K. G. B. Bakwell makes good promise to marry practice and theory and besides summarizing major codes and discussing the topics—author/title and subject—logues, special materials and indexing and arrangement of entries—also has chapters on the actualization of cataloguing within library system, and on methods of information retrieval, computers and so on. This book becomes a formidable subject matter in a language to match its content. Here and elsewhere Mr Bakwell gives examples drawn from practice in the cataloguing of manuscripts of thirteen British libraries, all kinds which he visited in the course of preparing the book.

Steps to neoclassicism

DOROTHY STROUD;

George Dance

Architect 1741-1825.

262pp. plus 80 plates. Faber and Faber. £12.

lem that by itself it might almost justify Ferguson's absurd dismissal of it (quoted by Miss Stroud) as an architectural fluke.

Dance's "genius" was not of the kind that produces a momentary flare and then sinks down into mediocrity. One thing we find out from Miss Stroud is how constantly he was experimenting and innovating, in planning the more remarkable commissions were so largely governed by the cramping hand of local authority. Dance was the first to introduce crescents and circles into the planning of London—at first (following a visit to Bath) on a tiny scale in the Minories, but later more grandly in Finsbury. He seems also to have been the first to design a self-conscious Gothic, albeit of a funny kind. The centre piece of Guildhall has not pleased everyone (Pugin, of course, thought it simply deplorable), but it has a perky individual charm most welcome in the faceless London of the seventies. Dance's Gothic was perhaps not very inventive—he seems, for example, to have been able to think of only one kind of turret, an enormously lengthened Victorian pillar box—but he must have had some real sense of the structural logic of the Gothic style, which is rarely apparent in the gimcrack papier-mâché castles of his contemporaries.

Dance's real importance, however, is surely as a forerunner of neoclassicism. A forerunner he essentially seems, though he lived and worked on until the 1820s and was only a dozen years Soane's senior. Miss Stroud points out that already by 1763, when Dance gained a gold medal in Parma for his competition design for a public gallery, "the external... elevations... show, by the simplicity of their masonry and the absence of a central emphasis, that Dance had already absorbed neo-classical principles". Within two years All Hallows, London Wall, had set Dance "among the earliest exponents of neo-classicism in this country". Miss Stroud hardly helps us to understand why this church was so advanced, for she seems to equate in importance the minor architectural innovations and such an oddity as the placing of the pulpit against the north wall and the preacher's consequent need to disappear through the wall to reach it. Soane, as Miss Stroud reminds us, was at first startled by these novelties (not the pulpit, but then came to see their rightness: "not only the eye was pleased but the judgment was satisfied with this example of rules of architecture, therefore, at first resisted but was finally overcome by the power of original design."

The tension is most instructive, as is all the evidence of Soane's debt to Dance. Admirers of those characteristically Soanian domes in the Old Colonial and Old Dividend offices of the Bank of England, in which the pendentives continued uninterrupted into the surface of the vault, will note that Dance had done the same with the dome of the new Common Council

Chamber at Guildhall as early as 1777, though the effect was neutralized and largely spoiled by the paintings which Alderman Hoydell insisted on. Boydell did, however, provide Dance with the opportunity of making one of his most remarkable neo-classical designs, for the long-destroyed Shakespeare Gallery in Pall Mall, which looks forward to, if it did not actually influence, the somewhat later work of Thomas Harrison and a host of nineteenth-century followers.

Even if Dance's genius is everywhere acknowledged it is still not very easy, to say why he is important. Except on Soane, and to a lesser extent on Sir John, his direct influence seems to have been small; but the main exception can be argued to be the most important thing of all. Dance assuredly did not have the commanding genius of Soane; yet Soane would have been, at the least, a very different architect, if not a smaller one, had he not had the benefit of Dance's training, example and friendship. Of the latter there is no more eloquent and moving demonstration than his gentle but firm reproof, sent when Soane in a somewhat underhand way sought to gain advantage for himself and tried to enlist Dance's aid:

I know of but one rule that comprehends all moral duties, do as you would be done unto. Under the influence of this principle I cannot do what you desire, I feel that I ought not; in every thing that I can serve or oblige you, I shall always from real regard and friendship be eager to stand forward. In this case I wish from your soul you would not add to the mortification of the individual. You do not want such means to forward your reputation and I am sure it will be considered as invidious, if you force yourself into this business.

How fine and clear this is in its scrupulous concern for what is right and just, yet how free from primness and any sense of superiority. Miss Stroud gives us just enough of Dance's letters to make us wish for ten times as many and regret all the more the space given up to the churchwardens and sub-committees.

Books received

Biography and Memoirs

David R. Bertrand Russell.

Michael Hare. *Friend*, 56pp.

Michael, H. J. N. *Muhattina*

month. Paperback, 30p each.

Charles Letts have diversified from

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collector. The first four volumes of

their new "Collectors' Guides" are

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lectors and are very good value.

Collecting

HALL, JOHN. *Staffordshire Portrait*

Figures.

DESMOND, KAY. *Dolls and Dolls*

Houses.

DAVIS, DEREK C. *Dolls and Dolls*

Decorators 1650-1900.

REILLY, ROBIN. *Wedgwood Jasper*.

80pp. Charles Letts. £1.50 each.

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lectors and are very good value.

Costume

EDWARDS, T. J. *Regimental Badges*.

358pp. Charles Knight. £2.80.

T. J. Edwards' authentic and com-

prehensive catalogue of the badges

of the regiments (now mostly gone

or amalgamated) of the British

Army is now reprinted from the

first edition. Each badge is illus-

trated and accompanied by a brief

but accurate historical description,

the whole being introduced by a

short general survey of the evolu-

tion of badges since primitive times.

Economics

FLEMING, J. MARCUS. *Essays in In-*

ternational Economics. 358pp.

Allen and Unwin. £4.50.

This collection of essays by the

Deputy Director of the Research

Department of the International Monetary Fund is of considerable importance. It consists of a series of contributions chiefly to the theory of international trade, under three major headings. The first is on the costs and benefits of restrictions on trade, the second concerns the possibilities of international monetary reform, and the third discusses the ways in which adjustments to the balance of payments affect the domestic economy.

The topicality of these essays is partly, of course, accidental, but it shows clearly that any economist who had kept up with Dr Fleming's work over the years and with the developments to which it was chiefly a reaction, would be well able to understand the recent series of economic events which have led the world into its present systems of floating exchange rates—in striking contradiction to what was the conventional wisdom in almost all countries a year ago. Indeed the last essay, on the reason for wider exchange rate margins, largely suggests the steps which have recently been taken to sort out the situation.

English

ROE, IVAN. *A Style of Your Own*. 164pp. Newton Abbott: David and Charles. £1.95.

The author of course has a style of his own, and it is used to good purpose in this aid to the writing of sound English. The result is a plithy-written book which can be read for entertainment as well as instruction. Interest is caught by a selection of passages from various sources, which are identified and discussed after the reader has been given time to form his own judgment of their merits and demerits. "The most common of our bad habits, in any writing meant to be read by two or more people, is to try to make it sound as if somebody else had written it," the author remarks, adding that anyone who can

T.L.S.

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History

MISHA, R. B. *The Administrative History of India, 1834-1947: General Administration*. 672pp. Oxford University Press. £10.

This scholarly and comprehensive survey, which, as the author states, has been in gestation for a decade, cannot but enhance a reputation already soundly established by his previous studies on the judicial and central administrations of the East India Company, on the Indian middle classes, and on political behaviour. It deals in turn with the Government itself, the central secretariat, the public services, the provinces, the administration of finance, the revenue system, the administration of justice, and local self-government. But the great strength of this impressive book is that the author has not confined himself to setting out with clarity and precision the facts which he has ascertained with such care from numerous sources, published and unpublished; he has aimed to discern a logical pattern in the changes which British rule effected in virtually every branch of the governmental and administrative structure to which they succeeded. The vital importance of the general shift from the principle of status to the principle of contract is thoroughly investigated; its consequences, often unfortunate, are clearly set out. Although this is essentially a book intended for the advanced student of the history of British rule in India, it contains much that the general reader needs to know.

NORMAN, VESLEY. *The Medieval Soldier*. 278pp. Arthur Barker £3. This attractively produced book is stated to have traced in outline "the development of the undisciplined bar-

barian war bands of the Dark Ages into the feudal army of the early Middle Ages". The claim is, however, far too sweeping to be sustained. On the wider themes of history to which Vesey Norman alludes, such as the growth of feudal society and organization, he has in fact little new to say, and in connection with the Crusades and the "Holy War" with which he is specially concerned it is surely remarkable that the masterful work of Erdmann finds no place in his bibliography. On the other hand, Mr Norman writes with vigour and occasionally with charm, and there will be few who will not find pleasure in his remarks on medieval arms and armour. In this respect, too, the illustrations are a delight.

THOMAS, JOHN. *The Tay Bridge Disaster*. 208pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £2.95. When the bridge over the Firth of Tay broke in 1879 a passenger train plunged to its doom. Now Mr Thomas goes over the records of that awful time. He describes the proud construction of the bridge, the terror of the storm, the inquiry that followed the disaster, and the activities behind the scenes. The whole is decked out with diagrams and photographs from the original documents. The result is an engineering whodunit.

Medicine

COCHRANE, A. L. *Effectiveness and Efficiency*. 92pp. Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust. £1.45.

A. L. Cochrane believes in the value of the randomized controlled trial (RCT) as a means of deciding the effectiveness and efficiency of medical treatment. He has a number of sensible and realistic suggestions to make on how waste of all sorts might be lessened and how much money could thus be saved on the National Health Service, which could then be used for other urgent purposes. He draws attention to the fact that the natural tendency of much disease is

towards resolution, a fact which is often overlooked by many doctors and others who work in the various fields of health.

Philately

GIBBONS, STANLEY. *Europe 1. Foreign Stamp Catalogue A-F*. 467pp. Stanley Gibbons. £2.25.

The breakdown into single country sections of the old Parts Two and Three of Gibbons's catalogue not having proved successful, the publishers have now begun publishing them in six parts, three devoted purely to Europe and three to cover the rest of the world (outside the British Commonwealth) including the ex-colonial territories of European countries. This Europe A-F volume opens in strict alphabetical sequence with the Aegean Islands (previously listed with Greece and Italy in the old Part Two) and ends with France.

The pricing is important as it covers many countries which never reached the "Sectional" catalogue stage and were last listed in the 1970 Part Two (published in 1969). Prices for sets are now given and this helps to offset the inflated totals resulting from the policy of listing no single stamps at less than 5p (considered a minimum "handling charge") even if the true market value is considerably less. An innovation is the inclusion of historical notes as a preface to each country listing. Altogether a promising start on what collectors fervently hope will be the last major upheaval to recasting Parts Two and Three of their philatelic "bible".

Photography

HUBMANN, FRANZ. *The Habsburg Empire*. 320pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.50.

For Franz Hubmann, until recently picture-editor of the Austrian periodical *Magnus*, photography is "the tough form of documentation". His book is a collection of original photographs from the world of the

Anstro-Hungarian Monarchy. It is the fruit of a long quest through the lands and cities of the former multinational Empire (most of whose territory is now behind the Iron Curtain). Mr Hubmann has visited local museums, private houses and members of the nobility in Croatia and Hungary, Bohemia and Austria. He must have combed many an archive and attic.

The photographs are all from between 1840 and 1916 and are quite magnificent. They are arranged in such typical sections as Vienna, Society, Prague, The Provinces, Cracow, The Military, each group being briefly introduced by Mr Hubmann. Andrew Wheeler has edited this edition from the German original and contributes a short sketch of the historical background. Mr Hubmann apologizes to the old photographers for the liberties he has taken with their work (often possibly excessive) but the result is technically excellent, artistically superb, and to the historian far from negligible.

Railways

HOLLAND, D. F. *Steam Locomotives of the South African Railways*. Volume 1. 144pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.90.

With his second volume D. F. Holland ends the history of the steam locomotive in South Africa in which, as he fairly comments, it played a proud part in building up a great country. There are 2,400 still in service but they are, of course, being replaced by other forms of motive power. Mr Holland's touch of melancholy is justified for he is no lineside railway fan but a real live engineer in South Africa and was personally involved with many of the fine locomotives he describes.

CASSERLEY, H. C. *Railways Since 1919*. 128pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.25.

In the sequel to his *Railways between the Wars* H. C. Casserley, a writer of long experience and a memory as

long as a Midland coal train, looks at the record of the railways of the World War in which they did so much to make victory possible. After a happy one and Mr Casserley's commentary mixes very well with the future. His line selection pictures show plainly how the scene has changed with the passing of the virtual disappearance of the train, the slip coach and the old goods cruising round the country.

Sports and Pastimes

STRANFORD, RICHARD. *British Mental Brasses*. 148pp. T. and Hudson. £2.50.

Students of the monumental in our churches can hardly now of a lack of books on the subject. This is the fourth that has one's notice in less than two years. Henry Trivick's *The Plaque Brasses in Gilt* (T.L.S. September 1971) was chiefly distinguished by fine gilded illustrations; Jerome's *Brasses and Brass Rubbing* (T.L.S. July 16, 1971) treated on brasses as a source of historical information; and Charles's *Brasses and Brass Rubbing* (T.L.S. August 14, 1970) on the unique of brass-rubbing. Richard Stranford's book is more strictly of reference. It is a catalogue which completeness is almost surprising in such a compact volume, on date, type of costume, inscription. A brief introduction lines the history of engraved brass and there is also a glossary.

The price of *The Complete Layman and Max Book*, several liturgical books revised April 14, should be £1.50 and as stated; and the correct price of *Prayer of the Church*, which has five Supplements, is £3.50. It is published by Geoffrey Chapman.

VACANT APPOINTMENTS AND PUBLIC NOTICES &c

CUMBERLAND COUNTY COUNCIL

Librarian

Millom District Library

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post. The successful applicant will be responsible for the full range of library development in the Millom Area, including services to schools and HM Prison, Haverigg. Salary within Librarians' Scale £11,400-£12,932, according to qualifications and experience.

Application forms and fuller details from the County Librarian, 1 Portland Square, Carlisle, CA1 1PS, to whom applications should be sent by 5th May, 1972. T. J. R. WHITFIELD, Clerk of the County Council

DENBIGHSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for the undermentioned posts in the County Library Department, which is situated in Ruthin, a pleasant market town on the edge of Denbighshire, with easy access to Liverpool and London.

SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN A.P. Grade 4 (£11,932-£12,999)

A Chartered Librarian is required, who should have experience of library work in schools and a knowledge of the curriculum.

SENIOR ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST A.P. Grade 3 (£11,932-£12,999)

Candidates should possess an Honours Degree or the Diploma in Archive Administration and should have had at least two years experience in a local or national archive or library.

Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Clerk and Chief Executive Officer, County Offices, Ruthin, Denbighshire, LL15 1YU, to whom completed applications must be returned by 10th May, 1972. Canvasing disqualifies.

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